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MR. GLADSTONE'S RESOLUTIONS.

AS Mr. GLADSTONE has, for the purpose of reconciling himself with the Liberal party, declined to divide on the Resolution which for several days excited the enthusiasm of the local Liberal Clubs, the House of Commons has properly no issue before it. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, indeed, who in the first instance complained of the virtual withdrawal of the principal Resolution, was afterwards perfectly satisfied by Mr. GLADSTONE's speech; but it is neither a usual nor a laudable practice to speak on one question and to take a division on another. Mr. GLADSTONE oddly invited the Government to accept his comparatively innocuous motion; and at the same time he denounced them for not treating his first Resolution as a vote of censure. Although it is possible that the entire string of Resolutions might deserve such a description, the Government could scarcely have met with a direct negative a Resolution which is not to be moved. It is, on the whole, a good thing that the split which Mr. GLADSTONE had produced in the Liberal party is patched up; but the excessive awkwardness of the soldering process betrays the difference of opinion which still exists. The preliminary squabble, for which Mr. GLADSTONE is exclusively responsible, might have wearied and dulled a less copious and less impetuous orator; but when the formal debate began Mr. GLADSTONE proved that he had lost none of his accustomed fire. Passionate absorption in a single object, though it is incompatible with impartial judgment, is not unfavourable to impressive oratory; and Mr. GLADSTONE, while his mind was stored to overflowing with facts and arguments in support of his passionate convictions, was extraordinarily eloquent. If the whole matter had not been repeatedly discussed, with the result of settling the opinions of all parties, the House would perhaps for the time have sympathized with his bitter and elaborate invective against the Government and its Eastern policy. It was possible for a moment to forget that the only alternative to peace and neutrality would be war with Turkey. In his fourth Resolution Mr. GLADSTONE would have practically pledged the House of Commons to measures of the same kind with the mission of the fleet which fought at Navarino; but as, for reasons which may have been sufficient, he declined to take a division, his speech, though it may revive or sustain the organized agitation out of doors, was for Parliamentary purposes irrelevant and useless.

Mr. CROSS's answer probably expressed the opinion of the great majority of members on both sides of the House; nor is it absolutely impossible that it may influence the division. All but a few zealous partisans on either side are anxious to avoid a collision either with Russia or with Turkey; and Mr. CROSS satisfied the House that the Ministers are united in their determination to maintain peace as long as possible. It is difficult to anticipate any contingency in which an attack on Turkey would be expedient or justifiable. The SULTAN may probably continue to govern his own subjects badly as long as any provinces acknowledge his authority; but the Porte is both unable and unwilling to cause any direct injury or danger to England. The power of Russia is incomparably greater; and the actual or future designs of the Russian Government are highly suspicious. Journals which have within the last two years repeatedly announced a policy which has, in spite of official contradictions, been finally adopted, now declare that the present war will not end except by the admission of Russia into the

Mediterranean without regard to the obstacles presented by Turkish occupation of the shores of the narrow seas. In other words, the conquest of Constantinople is publicly demanded, while the Russian Government is probably sending assurances to all the Courts of Europe that its intentions, as well as its motives, are disinterestedly benevolent. It is prudent to declare with perfect frankness the occasion in which it may become the duty of England to resist further Russian aggression. Even the hazard of doing some good to the objects of Mr. GLADSTONE's abhorrence must be encountered if it is necessary to defend Constantinople or the Suez Canal. In such a condition of affairs Sir H. WOLFF's motion is little more than a truism. It is assuredly not desirable to embarrass the Government at the present moment with any general instructions, or with proposals of an alternative policy. Mr. CROSS's doctrines are approved by the solid judgment of the country, although they may not satisfy the demands of the organized agitators in provincial towns, who have not yet made up their minds whether they wish for peace or for an unprovoked war with Turkey.

The debate on Tuesday night was comparatively dull and languid; nor indeed would it have been easy to add anything to the indignant denunciation of the Government by Mr. GLADSTONE or to the effective vindication of their policy by Mr. CROSS. More than one speaker censured Lord DERBY for his answer to Prince GORTCHAKOFF's Circular, the real ground of objection being that the document was too conclusive in its condemnation of Russian policy. It can only be judged by the event whether the despatch was calculated to do good or harm. It was desirable to avoid, even on strong provocation, the use of language which might be disagreeable to Russia; and it would have been possible to observe the silence which has been maintained by the other neutral Powers. But Lord DERBY had a full right to protest against Prince GORTCHAKOFF's assumption that the war was undertaken in pursuance of a policy which had been unanimously approved by Europe. It was notorious that the Russian Protocol would neither have been adopted nor considered except under the impression that it was intended to facilitate a peaceable solution. The affectation of citing Lord DERBY's assent to the Protocol as an admission of the justice of the Russian cause was conventional, if not audacious; but in private or national affairs it is not always necessary to tell the whole truth, or to expose every fallacy. On the other hand, it may be said that it may prove convenient to have placed on record the position of England at the beginning of the war. It is true that the plainest phrases may be misinterpreted, as in Mr. GLADSTONE's repeated assertion that the Treaty of Kainardji extends to all the Christians of Turkey the right of remonstrance which was conceded to Russia on behalf of a certain church or chapel at Constantinople. According to some accounts, Lord DERBY's despatch has encouraged the Austro-Hungarian Government to assume an attitude which may have a decisive influence on the campaign in European Turkey. The criticisms of the Opposition on any document of the kind lose much of their weight through the habit, which is becoming inveterate, of finding fault with every diplomatic proceeding of the Government. Even if it is necessary, and therefore right, to give expression to the anti-Turkish sentiments of Mr. GLADSTONE and his followers, systematic opposition to the details of Ministerial policy from day to day can scarcely conduce to the public interest. On Thursday

night Mr. COURTNEY introduced a novel element into the debate by openly avowing a policy from which less courageous politicians have shrunk, even when all their arguments pointed to the same conclusion. He would have actively promoted the dismemberment of Turkey, though he confessed that it would have been eventually necessary to go to war. Mr. COURTNEY anticipated one objection to his proposal by remarking that such a war would not have been arduous or dangerous. To participate first in the insidious plots and then in the violence of Russia would not have been an altogether satisfactory course of action. Mr. FORSTER, on the other hand, made a characteristic attempt to devise a middle course that would enable him to justify the prudent acceptance of a policy which clearly coincides with national opinion, while showing his sympathy for the exigencies of his party.

Perhaps the most important result of the debate and of the negotiations by which it was preceded will have been the disclosure of the wide divergence of policy which separates two sections of the Liberal party. On this question Mr. BAXTER and Mr. LEATHAM differ more widely from Mr. GLADSTONE than from Mr. CROSS; and Mr. CHILDERS only confirmed, by his partial approval of the disputed Resolutions, the well-founded belief that they could under no circumstances have been accepted by himself or his late colleagues. According to Mr. CHILDERS, the third and fourth Resolutions were only objectionable in two or three passages, or rather in a few words; but if his expressions are to be taken in their obvious sense, the ex-Cabinet could have had no sufficient reason for inducing Sir JOHN LEBBOCK to move the previous question. Mr. GLADSTONE would not have declined to conciliate his friends by slight modifications; nor would his former adherents have refused to support him merely because the language of his Resolutions was open to criticism. The compromise which was ultimately effected involved on either side more serious sacrifices than those which would have been involved in slight amendments of the Resolutions. Those who are curious in deciphering enigmas may perhaps profitably amuse themselves by studying the reasons which are assigned by Mr. GLADSTONE in his letter to Mr. HOWARD for his singular proceedings. It has often been observed that the excitement of a great occasion has the curious effect of stimulating to the utmost Mr. GLADSTONE's propensity to subtle refinements and nice distinctions. Other political leaders, if they had adopted the same course in similar circumstances, would certainly have been inspired by the obvious motive of restoring the unity of a party at the expense of a paradoxical device. Mr. GLADSTONE in his letter and his numerous speeches furnished a more elaborate explanation of his policy and of his reasons; and it is but fair to admit that, even when he is most unintelligible, Mr. GLADSTONE is sincere in the belief that he understands his own meaning, and that he is essentially in the right.

THE LIBERAL PARTY.

NOTHING in the history of English political parties is more singular than the phases through which the Liberal party has been passing in the last few days. When war had been declared, the leaders of the party discussed the grave question whether some means should be taken in Parliament to sum up the criticism of the past, and record opinion for the future. It was decided that no step should be taken, as the time for effectual criticism was over, and there was no agreement of opinion to record. But Mr. GLADSTONE refused to be guided by the decision of others. He was bound, as it seemed to him, to take action, although others might sit still. A voice which he believed to be divine whispered to him that he must speak, although others might be silent. He drew up his Resolutions, and was prepared to support them even if a mere handful of followers should divide in his favour. He, as it were, threw his Resolutions in the face of the country, and left it to make what it could and would of them. The consequence was in every way remarkable. Had these Resolutions been the handiwork of the Liberal leaders generally, had Lord HARTINGTON proposed or adopted them, they would probably have gained in the way of clearness and precision, but they would have fallen flat. They would have been treated as only a mere party move, to be checkmated by a party move on the other side. But, as it was, they seemed to be something outside of

party, and to be the utterance of Mr. GLADSTONE to England. They constituted an appeal to popular sentiment, and popular sentiment, without troubling itself in the least as to what the Resolutions meant or did not mean, responded to the appeal. A thrill passed through the hearts of many who are more inclined to feel than to reason. The real issue seemed to them to be whether they would forsake a man whom they believed to be earnest, noble, and true, passionate for right, a preacher of high thoughts, the friend of the poor and the oppressed. They did not inquire whether what he proposed was intelligible, or, if intelligible, wise; but they caught at his central meaning, that a war to shield Turkey from merited retribution was wicked, and they fervently declared that such wickedness should not lie at their doors. Liberalism has always its sentimental side, and without sentiment running in its favour the Liberal party is never really powerful, although in the ordinary conduct of affairs statesmanship is of much more importance than feeling. Mr. GLADSTONE turned his back on Liberal statesmanship and his face towards Liberal sentiment. Few could have anticipated that the effect would have been so decisive. Sentiment reigned supreme, sentiment for Mr. GLADSTONE personally, sentiment against those who seemed to be weaker and more faint-hearted than he was, sentiment ardent and strong against anything like oblivion of the misdeeds of Turkey. Whatever else remained obscure, it became evident that a war lightly undertaken against Russia, so far from being popular, would set one half of England against the other. Statesmanship might hesitate to pronounce whether such a war was expedient or inexpedient; but sentiment as stimulated by Mr. GLADSTONE resolved that such a war would be something monstrous, and insufferably burdensome to the conscience of the nation.

The course taken by Mr. GLADSTONE, and the burst of sentiment which followed it, placed the Liberal leaders in a very distressing position. Those who had served under him had a natural reluctance to separate themselves from a chief of whom they had long been proud, with whom they had long worked, who had often led them to victory, and in whom they recognized a superiority to which they could not aspire. Still, the Resolutions were there, and they could not look at those Resolutions with the eyes of pure sentiment and not call in statesmanship to judge them. A policy was indicated which they could not approve, and it was a matter of plain duty to express disapproval of a policy which they believed to be unwise. They were also bound to Lord HARTINGTON. Some one must lead a party, and they had elected Lord HARTINGTON as their leader, and were perfectly satisfied with their choice. Lord HARTINGTON, with their concurrence, had decided as leader that no action should be taken, and Lord HARTINGTON must be supported or his leadership would be at an end. That it would probably be at an end, however much they supported him, was however obvious. If the majority or anything approaching to a moiety of the party broke away from Lord HARTINGTON, it would have been impossible for Lord HARTINGTON to stoop to lead in name a party that in fact disclaimed him. But the pressure of the constituencies was so strong that many a humble Liberal longing to support his recognized leader would, to save his seat, have followed Mr. GLADSTONE into the lobby. Fortunately the prospect of Lord HARTINGTON's leadership coming thus to an untimely end dismayed not only Lord HARTINGTON's friends, but Mr. GLADSTONE himself. He saw to what point things were rapidly drifting. He would have once more to lead; but this time his supporters would be of a stamp that might easily make his leadership very painful to him. He would have been expected to be the champion of a hundred causes which he dreads or dislikes; the champion of disestablishment, of inconsiderate attacks on property, of wild schemes of social reform. For himself, as well as for the sake of his old colleagues, from whom he honestly felt reluctant to separate unless the clear voice of conscience urged the separation, he was willing to make an arrangement by which union might be restored. The arrangement selected was a curious one, but it had one obvious advantage. Every Liberal was able to say exactly what he pleased, and yet all were able, with few exceptions, to support Mr. GLADSTONE. Directly the debate began it became apparent that the real issue was not any one of those which the Resolutions seemed destined to raise, but that which the sentiment of the country had engrafted on the Resolutions. The struggle was not a struggle between the Ministry and the Opposition, nor in any clear way

between the Conservative party and the Liberal party. It was a struggle between two conflicting lines of sentiment, between the sentiment of horror of Turkey and pity for its victims and the sentiment of longing to show the power and greatness of England, and to make its name and influence felt from one end of the globe to the other. Both these sentiments are such as honourable and good men may entertain, and the question was which should prevail in the determination of the present policy of England. As to the result there can be little doubt. Mr. GLADSTONE'S Resolutions, obscure, mangled, and misdirected as they were, have, in a circuitous and almost accidental way, achieved what may be regarded as a success.

That the division which so nearly rent the Liberal party, and which was avoided in a manner apparently so artificial and complicated, has done no harm to the party, cannot, perhaps, be said with perfect confidence; but the damage which the party is supposed to have suffered is probably much exaggerated. That Mr. GLADSTONE, the special man of sentiment of the party, has once more shown his power of awakening the sentiment of a large part of the country in a rapid and decisive way, and that he nevertheless cannot endure to become the mere spokesman of an extreme section, are gains to the party which may be set against the increased difficulties which it may be apprehended will beset Lord HARTINGTON'S leadership. That, when the circumstances were such as to permit every Liberal to speak his mind, wide differences of opinion were found to exist among men sitting on the Opposition benches, is a fact flowing so inevitably out of the constitution of the party that it leaves the prospect of Lord HARTINGTON'S leadership where it was before. Now, however, that it has been once discovered that, if Mr. GLADSTONE'S conscience can be touched, he will throw Lord HARTINGTON overboard, it may be expected that further attempts will be made by those whom Lord HARTINGTON'S prudence discourages and irritates to see whether profitable recourse may not be had to such modes of touching Mr. GLADSTONE'S conscience as may suggest themselves to ingenious and inventive minds. But it is not really the divisions of the Liberals that keep them out of office. It is the good sense of the Ministry. That which, if in office, the Liberals would offer to the country so long as their extreme members were kept decorously in the background, is offered to the country by the Cabinet. From a mere party point of view, the vexatious thing to the Liberals is that the Ministry is, if not consistently, yet in the main and in the most important matters, a moderate Liberal Ministry. The speech of Mr. CROSS was as sound and vigorous an utterance of the thoughts of moderate Liberals as it could have been if spoken on the other side of the House. It was a sort of manifesto to the Conservative party, which accepted it with silent submission, and learnt from it what truths to adopt and what errors to avoid. To the Liberal leaders it must have seemed as if somehow they were in office, and one of themselves was speaking on behalf of a Ministry after their own hearts. So long as the present Ministry preserves this judiciousness of attitude and even balance of mind, it seems difficult to see why it should be replaced, except that all Ministries do somehow fall sooner or later.

THE TRANSVAAL ANNEXATION.

THE annexation of the South African Republic, effected not without a display of force, is an inopportune and untoward event. It may readily be believed that Lord CARNARVON had reason for entrusting a large discretion to his agent; but the character of Sir THEOPHILUS SHEPSTONE affords no absolute security against the commission of an error. The determination to precipitate the measure may perhaps have been justified by facts which are not yet known in England. The latest information which had been previously given was contained in Lord CARNARVON'S able speech on the 23rd of April. It is evident that Lord CARNARVON must have been taken by surprise when he found that annexation was accomplished. "Reports," he said, "had reached this country that Sir THEOPHILUS SHEPSTONE had announced his intention to forcibly annex the Transvaal State. It appears to me that the language ascribed to Sir THEOPHILUS has been grossly exaggerated. His language has been frank, but at the same time conciliatory and temperate; and it has been received in the most

"friendly spirit by the local Government." Lord CARNARVON said, in addition, "I have no desire, if it can be avoided, 'to take over that State,' though at the same time he anticipated that the Transvaal would become a British State. It is of course possible that the imminence of a border war may have accelerated the final decision; but it is to be regretted that the union which may have been necessary was not effected by voluntary cession. According to Lord CARNARVON, one-fourth of the inhabitants had signed a petition in favour of annexation; and Mr. BURGERS, the President, seems to have been convinced of the necessity of the measure. The Volksraad had passed a Resolution "that it is impossible under present circumstances to 'carry on the administration and control of the country'; but their condemnation of the actual Government may probably not have involved an admission of the necessity of the transfer. The employment of force will furnish the opponents of the change with an inexhaustible argument. The dangers of the present crisis will soon be forgotten, while the advocates of repeal will rely on patriotic jealousy or prejudice.

It appears that the party in the Republic which is chiefly responsible for the late war, and for the confusion which has recently prevailed, refused to pay taxes which had been legally voted. At the same time the Zulu King had amassed a considerable force on the frontier, with the obvious design of attacking the Republic. It might have been supposed that immediate aid would be given on terms which would have secured to the English Government a large influence over the policy of the Republic. Sir THEOPHILUS SHEPSTONE must have satisfied himself that the only mode of securing a necessary control was the direct assumption of the government. The protection which will be afforded to its new subjects by the English Government is too likely to be rewarded by ingratitude; and disaffection may be troublesome even where it is confined to a scanty population. The Dutch farmers will not fail to recall the time when they passed beyond English territory for the express purpose of asserting their independence. If they were exposed to the attacks of native tribes without hope of assistance from the English Colonies or the Imperial Government, they might be more ready to appreciate the advantages of annexation. Lord CARNARVON estimates at a million the number of the natives within the bounds of the Republic; and the Dutch militia has not yet shown its ability to meet a superior enemy in the field. On the whole, it is desirable that the judgment of Parliament and the country should be suspended until the reasons which have induced Sir T. SHEPSTONE to annex the territory are fully stated. Considerable advantages ought to have been attained as a set-off against the inevitable formation of a Home Rule or Repeal party. In time perhaps the English inhabitants of the Transvaal, like the descendants of English settlers in Ireland, may persuade themselves to make common cause with the injured Dutch. It was a mistake to narrow the frontiers of the empire; but the allegiance which was remitted many years ago ought, if possible, not to have been forcibly reclaimed.

The mission of Sir THEOPHILUS SHEPSTONE originated, not in solicitude for the safety of a community which was still foreign, but in the certainty that a native insurrection would extend to all the South African Colonies. The Kaffir chiefs may perhaps not draw minute distinctions between different European races; and, in any event, it would be impossible to stand aside while a civilized State was overrun by savages. It may be conjectured that the malcontents of the Transvaal were bent either on immediate war, or on measures which would practically have produced the same result. Sir THEOPHILUS SHEPSTONE perhaps foresaw the necessity of interference, and he may have thought that subjects would be more manageable than allies. It is also possible that, from his long intercourse with the native chiefs, he may have satisfied himself that the assumption of the Government in the name of the QUEEN would prevent or paralyse the insurrection. The administrator who has long preserved peace in Natal will have great advantages in negotiation with the tribes which threaten the Transvaal with invasion. The proportion of white to coloured inhabitants is not widely different in the two provinces; and it would seem that loyal dealing, combined with firmness, tends to secure the confidence of the natives. The English inhabitants of the Transvaal, forming a not inconsiderable part of the whole population, are naturally desirous of placing themselves under English sovereignty. It

is not altogether a subject of congratulation that in future political controversies the English and Dutch are likely to take opposite sides. Lord CARNARVON, indeed, asserts that the antagonism of the two races is rapidly dying out; but a pamphlet lately published by a Scotch writer, who had oddly adopted all the passions of the Dutch, expresses on their behalf the bitterest animosity to his own Government and country.

Even if Lord CARNARVON on fuller knowledge disapproves of the annexation, he may perhaps find it impossible to reverse the decision of his confidential agent. Many things which ought not to have been done are, in the words of the proverb, valid when they are done. One difficulty which will result from the use of force will consist in the suspicion which will naturally be entertained by the farmers of the Orange Free State. When the President, Mr. BRAND, visited England last year, Lord CARNARVON removed any apprehension which he may have felt of impending coercion. President BRAND and his countrymen can scarcely be blamed if their doubts of the good faith of the English Government revive. The territorial dispute which had for some years caused irritation in the Orange Free State has been amicably settled; but it seems possible that it may be as necessary to interfere with its independence as to take possession of the Transvaal. It is not at present known whether the extension of English dominion will be acceptable to the colonies of South Africa, and especially to the Cape. It is to be hoped that Englishmen in South Africa, as in other colonized regions, cultivate an instinctive aversion to the neighbourhood of any foreign settlement; but it must be remembered that the Cape is as much Dutch as English. It is also possible that Mr. MOLLENO and his colleagues may dislike a measure which probably tends to accelerate confederation. Englishmen at home will chiefly care to be satisfied of the justice of the measure. Notwithstanding the incredulity of foreigners, the national conscience is at least as susceptible as that of any State in the world. In the present case the expediency of the measure is closely connected with the moral apology which probably Sir THEOPHILUS SHEPSTONE will be able to offer and to sustain. If there were no means of providing for the safety of the Transvaal or of the adjacent Colonies, except by superseding the Government of the Republic, compulsory annexation may have been prescribed by duty. If a native war is prevented, the beneficial results of Sir T. SHEPSTONE'S measure will probably be obscured by their success. The maintenance of peace may perhaps not everywhere be attributed to its real causes; but no service of equal importance with the prevention of war can be rendered either to the European population of South Africa or to the native races. The Kaffirs are too numerous and too vigorous to be in danger of extermination, like the Maoris of New Zealand. If permanently friendly relations can be established between the races, the experiment of introducing civilization among savage tribes will be tried under advantageous conditions.

EGYPT.

THE speech of Mr. CROSS has recalled to the recollection of Englishmen and foreigners how vital is the interest which England cannot fail henceforth to feel in the security of the country which is now her highway to India. Egypt must continue to engross much of the attention of English statesmen. Constantinople, the Suez Canal, and Alexandria are three points of which England must at least control the possession. It is true that, as Mr. LOWE pointed out, Egypt is not in any way threatened at present. Russia has no fleet to carry the war into the territory of the VICEROY. But, of all the dangers to England consequent on a Russian occupation of Constantinople, by far the most serious would lie in the power which Russia would thus gain to threaten our communications with India. It may be doubted whether to England and to Egypt the construction of the Suez Canal has not been more of a loss than a gain. Egypt has burdened herself with debt in order that traffic which used to be sent over her railways may skirt her without paying anything to her needy Exchequer; and, although in time of peace we can send transports to India more speedily through the Canal than by the Cape, the gain is not very great as compared with the passage of troops through Egypt by rail; while in time of war we shall not only have great difficulty in guarding our communications, but we

shall be obliged to see that an enemy does not profit by a thoroughfare from which we are excluded. But the Canal is made, and we must accept an accomplished fact. When, however, we come to consider with a little attention what is the real position thus created for us, we soon find that points suggest themselves which are not a little embarrassing. In the first place, it is almost impossible to see how we can respect a neutrality which theoretically we ought to respect. It is most inconvenient that the road between two parts of the Empire should lie in a strip of foreign territory; but, as this is our road, we cannot help pursuing it. If we were at war with Turkey as an ally or an enemy, there would be no difficulty. In the first case we should ask for, and in the second case we should force, a passage through the Canal. But, if Turkey were neutral while we were at war with a maritime European Power, the Canal ought to be closed to the ships of war of both belligerents. According to accepted doctrines it would be the duty of Egypt, as representing Turkey, to close it. But we could not endure this proper exercise of neutral rights and fulfilment of neutral duties to be carried out in this most exceptional case without running the most serious risk. For, if the enemy did not respect the neutrality of Egypt, and seized on the Canal, he would gain an enormous advantage with very little trouble; and, while we lost our readiest channel of communication with India, he would have this channel at his command. But, when we speak of our guarding the Suez Canal in time of war, how are we to do this? Where is the fleet protecting the Canal to be stationed? and how are sudden attempts to block up the Canal—which, by its nature, could be blocked up with the greatest ease and with the greatest rapidity—to be prevented? The practical answer, we fear, is that the Canal cannot be guarded by a fleet cruising up and down the Mediterranean. There must be a basis somewhere in Egypt from which our arrangements for the protection of the Canal can be made; and this may be assumed to have been the train of thought which led Mr. CROSS, when he was mentioning the points where our interests might be really concerned, to include Alexandria in the list.

For the present the VICEROY has had to decide questions raised by the war which are small beside those that would confront him if England were engaged in a war to which his Suzerain was not a party, but which still are such as must have caused him some embarrassment. He had, in the first place, to determine what was to be the position of Russia in regard to the Suez Canal, and he has decided that Russian ships of commerce may use the Canal during the war, while Russian ships of war may not. It was entirely impossible that he could allow ships of war belonging to the enemy of Turkey to pass through his territory, and Russia is not in a position to force a passage. Then, again, the commercial navy of Russia is so small, and a Russian captain would be so mad if he took his vessel through the Canal to be pounced on at its exit by a Turkish cruiser, that the VICEROY could accord this curious kind of semi-neutrality to his Canal without there being any chance that an attempt would be made to take advantage of it. It must have been much more puzzling to the VICEROY to decide what kind and amount of active support he was to give to Turkey. As a Mahometan and as a tributary he could scarcely refuse to do something. But there does not appear to be much Mahometan fanaticism in Egypt, and if the VICEROY felt that he must do something he did not feel that he need do much. To aid Turkey effectually he must have sacrificed the bondholders, and he resolved that his first duty and his primary interest was to maintain his engagements with his creditors. He therefore informed the Porte that he considered all the money appropriated to the service of the bonds as absolutely non-existent for military purposes. The revenues of Egypt, except so far as they are necessary for his own maintenance, are not his revenues. They belong to other people, and are not available for a purpose even so interesting and sacred as that of succouring his territorial chief and the head of Islam. All that he could do was to try whether something more could not be obtained out of the country in addition to the ordinary revenues, and he has thought it possible, by levying an additional and temporary impost on the land, to place half a million sterling at the disposal of his Suzerain. With this money he appears ready to provide a tiny contingent of 5,000 men, and as a proof of his zeal he will send his son HASSAN to command them in the field. Probably the Porte may think that, if this is all that is to be got from

him, his cash would be better worth having than his troops and their Prince. His decision, which cannot be very welcome to the Porte, marks a turning-point in his career. He has passed several years in constant apprehension of being upset by the intrigues or intervention of the Porte. By many shifts, by the use of private influence, and by lavish expenditure in presents, he has warded off the danger which threatened him. He now seeks a new mode of protecting himself, towards the adoption of which he has long been drifting. He opposes the claims of his creditors to those of his Suzerain. He has turned himself into a sort of steward for his English and French bondholders, and he trusts, not unreasonably, that the two nations for whom he is acting will see that an honourable and trustworthy steward shall not be turned out of possession through the caprices of a harem or the vindictiveness of a vizier.

Of the honourable and trustworthy manner in which he fulfils his duties as a steward, and of the good sense with which he regards the acceptance of such a position as perfectly compatible with his princely dignity, the VICEROY has just given a new proof in the settlement which he has sanctioned for the debts of his Daira or private estate. When Mr. GOSCHEN and his French colleague were in Egypt they left this part of the general Egyptian debt unsettled, as time did not permit them to go into all the intricacies attending on a debt of nine millions sterling, charged, not on State revenues, but on private property. They have now been able to arrange terms which the creditors may regard as highly favourable to them, and which strongly testify to the anxiety of the VICEROY to give up to those who have lent him their money all that he could be reasonably asked to abandon to them. His estates, which are very large and of considerable value, with a fair prospect of an increasing revenue if experience proves that sugar can be grown in Egypt to a profit, are to be handed over to an administration, two members of which, out of three, will be appointed by the creditors. But the present revenues of the estates are not sufficient to make a proper provision for the requirements of the debt, and it is obvious that farming is too speculative a source of income for the creditors to rely on, if they are always to get their claims met at the moment when payment is due. In order, therefore, to provide extra funds, and to assure the creditors against risk, the VICEROY has been willing to charge his Civil List with sums amply sufficient for both purposes. This is done partly in response to the appeals made to his good faith, and partly in recognition of the claims which the creditors of his private estate have on him as a sovereign. The accounts of the Daira and the State were so mixed up, and one came so often to the assistance of the other, while the VICEROY borrowed and paid with both sources of revenue at his command, that to have left the creditors of the Daira without any contribution from the revenues of the Sovereign might have seemed a harsh and unfair manner of dealing with them. The main basis of the arrangement now made is that the creditors of the Daira are to receive 5 per cent., with a sinking fund and with other contingent advantages, if the increased yield of the estates permits. Once more, therefore, the VICEROY has exerted himself to do justice to his creditors, and once more he has recognized the principle that European control shall be permitted to operate with its incontestable force in behalf of his creditors. His estates will be mainly administered by Englishmen and Frenchmen; the income of those estates will pass through the hands of Englishmen and Frenchmen, and the revenue of his Civil List will be received and applied by Englishmen and Frenchmen. The feeling in Western Europe has hitherto been that this control of Englishmen and Frenchmen was too good to be true. It was supposed that either it was illusory or that it would not last. That at present it is not in the least illusory is as certain as anything can be. The controllers of the Egyptian revenue get their money paid to them as regularly as the Chancellor of the Exchequer gets the produce of English taxes. They probably do not get all that ought theoretically to come to them, just as the Chancellor of the Exchequer does not get all the legitimate produce of the Income-tax; but the revenues, such as they are, come into their hands. Whether the control will last it is in one sense impossible to say, for everything future is uncertain. But the critical moment for testing the probability of its continuance has come and passed. If the VICEROY wished to regain the control of his money he could not have had a better

pretext afforded him than that furnished by the Turkish war. He has not taken advantage of this plausible pretext. He had to make his choice between governing in his old way and governing in his new way, and he has chosen to stand by his creditors and to subject himself to the control which cannot be very palatable to him, but which he accepts, for better or worse, as the real key to the safety and prosperity of himself and his subjects.

THE RULES OF DEBATE.

THERE was something comic in the interruption by a count-out of Mr. GOLDNEY's speech on those rules of debate which have in the present Session been rudely tested. The Irish members, who knew that their own eccentricities might perhaps be restrained by some alteration in the rules, were equal to the occasion. Although Mr. GOLDNEY possesses both ability and experience, his subject was not lively enough to attract ordinary members, and consequently the Home Rule party had the pleasure of counting him out. It will probably be desirable to abstain from any hasty attempt to devise remedies for wilful obstruction of business. It is impossible to frame rules which may not be perverted from their object by spiteful ingenuity. All Standing Orders are founded on the assumption that members will loyally and rationally facilitate the conduct of debate. When any rule is abused by being reduced to an absurdity, it seems at first sight easy to guard by special legislation against a repetition of the mischief; but new provisions equally admit of exaggeration and caricature, and the margin of change is narrowed by the necessity of regard to freedom of debate. A limitation of the time allowed to a speaker might be defended by precedents established in foreign Legislative Assemblies, and it would prevent the practice of wilfully talking and reading extracts from documents through the whole of a sitting; but any precaution of the kind might be rendered nugatory by a concerted succession of speeches directed to the same object of baffling legislation and rendering Parliamentary government impossible. Some good might perhaps be done by restraining the power of moving the adjournment of the House or of the debate; but the House of Commons has always protected with wise solicitude the rights of the minority, and it will not willingly be driven into any interference with the traditional and regular practice. The importance of the existing securities against the despotism of numbers is proved by the results of a different system in the American Congress. In the House of Representatives a majority can, by a skilful use of the previous question, prevent their opponents from speaking on a measure which it seems to the dominant party desirable to carry without debate. It is perhaps impossible to suppress Mr. BIGGAR without endangering freedom of speech; and the lesser evil must for the present be borne. It is unfortunate that too much importance was lately given to an offender who, amongst other objects, may probably desire notoriety. Irritation, however natural, is more flattering than the contempt which is said to be capable of penetrating the thickest armour of conceit.

It may be hoped that Parliament, which has surmounted graver difficulties, may survive the attacks of its present assailants. It is not a little remarkable that its authority and dignity should have been so long sustained and increased. One crazy despot has sometimes ruined a dynasty and endangered the principle of monarchy, and among six hundred independent and irresponsible members the chances of intolerable perversity are multiplied; but the House of Commons, though it may sometimes have adopted unwise measures, has been practically unanimous in maintaining the principle of absolutely free discussion; and the community, having few other opportunities of seeing both sides of a question, respects an assembly which is really as well as officially deliberative. One among many causes of the efficiency of the House of Commons is the attachment which is felt by almost all its members to its rules and traditions. Notwithstanding recent changes which may have affected its social character, the House is still the most agreeable of clubs; and veterans who may unfortunately have lost their seats never cease to hanker after Parliamentary associations. Claims of privilege which happen to be in any degree plausible are favoured by all parties, especially if they involve a possible collision either with the Upper House or with the courts

of justice. As the injudicious fanatic said of his sect as compared with his country, members of Parliament are members first, and Conservatives or Liberals afterwards. One of the numerous elements of Sir ROBERT PEEL'S unequalled influence in the House was the jealous vigilance with which he guarded its rights and pretensions. Mr. GLADSTONE would be more popular with his colleagues of the House of Commons if he had not the habit of appealing directly or indirectly from Parliament to the country or the multitude. In England, as in France, it is felt that *plebiscites* are incompatible with free and constitutional government. A statesman who is suspected of a tendency to become a demagogue forfeits the confidence of his equals. Representative government, which is justly regarded as the greatest political discovery of modern times, has never been thoroughly understood, or consistently practised, except in England. The essence of the system is that, when an election has once been held, supreme power is vested, not in the constituency, but in the Parliament. Obscure, and perhaps unconscious, conspirators against freedom of debate do their utmost to abolish the best safeguard of liberty.

It is impossible for strangers to form a competent judgment of the value of minute regulations which are thoroughly understood only by experienced members and by officers of the House. It seems at first sight not unreasonable to fix an hour in the night as the latest time at which opposed business can be taken. There is great convenience in securing a vacant time for formal and necessary proceedings; and it had not been foreseen that any section or any single member would habitually give notice of opposition to Bills which were not liable to any genuine objection. If the nuisance is continued, it will be necessary in the present or in a future Session to apply some remedies such as those which Mr. GOLDNEY vainly endeavoured to propose. It is possible that deliberate obstruction may become a permanent evil; and unluckily in civil, if not in military affairs, the defence is naturally weaker than the attack. The enemies of Parliamentary government may compel the House of Commons to restrict the perfect freedom which has been secured by the vigilance of many generations. The disturbers must at any cost be eventually silenced; but they will have attained a part of their object if they have rendered the Parliamentary system less liberal and less comprehensive. The conduct of a handful of Home Rule members may perhaps furnish an argument for simple repeal of the Union, if it is contended that dismemberment is a less evil than the presence of certain Irish members in the Parliament of the United Kingdom. Mr. BUTT'S federal project, if it were adopted, might perhaps not even abate the immediate nuisance. According to the scheme, if it is to be considered in earnest, there would still be Irish members in the Imperial Parliament; nor would there be any security against their repeating the singular practices which have lately excited indignation. There would be little consolation in the fact that the Irish Parliament was perhaps similarly annoyed; and if the supposed promotion of the cause of Home Rule justifies vexatious interruptions of business, the same methods might be used to secure absolute independence. It is even possible that in course of time other factions might imitate the practice of obstruction, though hitherto even the most bigoted advocates of special measures have been content to allow the transaction of Parliamentary business.

It is not at present known whether the delay which has been caused by vexatious interruptions will tend to lengthen the Session as well as to render it barren of legislation. The time is not favourable to legislative activity, and the Government, in framing the QUEEN'S Speech, tacitly recognized the expediency of doing as little as possible. The Prisons Bill will perhaps be the principal achievement of the Session, for the Burials Bill will, notwithstanding the utility of its objects, meet with strong opposition in the House of Commons. There will be little cause for regret if some of the numerous Committees which have been conceded to the importunity of active members are interrupted by the prorogation before they have finished their labours. Private members will acquiesce with compulsory patience in the well-understood impossibility of carrying any of their measures through the House. It will certainly not be worth while to sit late in the summer for the repeated discussion of delicate questions of foreign policy. It had been hoped that, when war was once commenced, all parties would understand the inutility

and inconvenience of debates which can have no effect in determining the result of the struggle; but Mr. GLADSTONE has thought otherwise, and he has the power of giving effect to his convictions. The controversy which has been revived by the late debate may perhaps be renewed from week to week as long as Parliament is sitting, with the result of absorbing the energies which might perhaps otherwise have been employed in modest experiments of legislation. It is true that the Eastern question is much more pressing and more important than any of the few Ministerial Bills; but, as long as debates on foreign policy continue, there is a risk of rash declarations and a certainty of embarrassing interference with the policy of the Government. The troublesome little faction which occupies itself in obstructing the business of the House of Commons might perhaps perform an involuntary public service if its members could be induced to devote their energies to the prevention of frequent debates on the Eastern question.

FRANCE AND ITALY.

THE debate on M. LEBLOND'S interpellation in the Chamber of Deputies has sent the French Ministry several steps further in a direction which it can hardly be to their profit to take. To those who read M. SIMON'S speech under the impression left by the furious polemics of the Radical newspapers it seemed weak and one-sided. It was too strong however, and too impartial, for the Left. A Cabinet crisis was in the air the moment the PRIME MINISTER sat down. The Left were determined to put M. SIMON in a minority unless he made an unmistakable declaration of hostility to the Ultramontane party, and in the present Chamber they have ample power to carry out such a resolution. In point of fact, the Left were playing exactly the same game as they played with M. DUFAURE. They know now, as they knew then, that the Right are perfectly ready to form a Cabinet whenever they have the opportunity. They know that, in that event, Marshal MACMAHON will once more be in the hands of the Duke of BROGLIE, and that it is very doubtful whether he will be allowed again to get free from them. They know that the effect of an appeal to the country by a reactionary Cabinet might be to send a reactionary Chamber to Versailles; and that, in the more probable event of a Chamber of like complexion with the present being returned, a conflict between the Executive and the popular branch of the Legislature would be inevitable. They know that either of those contingencies would be injurious in the highest degree to the prospects of the Republic. With a reactionary Chamber of Deputies the Constitution would probably be revised in an anti-Republican, if not in a decidedly Monarchical, sense. With a Radical Chamber of Deputies the new Ministry would be almost compelled to govern without reference to Parliament, in order to justify themselves to the country for retaining office against the will of a Parliamentary majority. But their knowledge of these probabilities is not allowed to influence their actions in the slightest degree. Their alarms all point to a danger which, in comparison with those just mentioned, is almost imaginary. They are fearful—at least they profess to be fearful—of a clerical reaction. They cannot sleep in their beds because a foolish bishop has been writing foolish letters, and certain foolish laymen have been putting their names to a foolish petition. They cannot see that, if there is any danger in these proceedings, it is a danger which they themselves have imported into them. If the Government observed perfect impartiality towards both parties, and showed itself firmly resolved to permit no excesses on the part of either, it would matter very little what either did. The great body of the nation, which is equally removed from Ultramontanism and Free-thinking, would be at ease in the conviction that both factions were in the grasp of a hand strong enough to restrain their traditional violence. Whatever strength there is in these letters and petitions lies in this, that the Ultramontanes are able to identify their cause with the cause of religion in general. The Radicals no longer confine their attacks to points on which the Ultramontanes differ from moderate Catholics, or even from religious Protestants. With characteristic thoroughness they go to the root of the matter, and attack the Founder of Christianity as the most certain and comprehensive method of attacking Christianity. The Ultramontanes can insist with truth that it is not they

alone who are the objects of Radical hostility. The other day some of the Radical journals of Paris could not let even M. LOYSON escape unharmed. All his quarrels with the Church could not wipe out the inextinguishable disgrace that he professes and calls himself a Christian, and believes that he has a soul as well as a body. It is this state of things that makes the Ultramontane agitation formidable. The Radicals begin by confounding Ultramontanes and Christians in a common condemnation. The Ultramontanes accept the confusion, and insist, with very good reason, that, if the Radicals had their way, it is not only Ultramontanes that would suffer. Whatever may be the exact hold that genuine religious feeling has on the French people, there can be no question that the great body of them accept the Catholic Church as a necessary and convenient institution, and that the prospect of its overthrow by a Radical Government is one that has no charms for them.

If M. SIMON had been as unbending as M. DUFAURE, the tactics of the Left would have had their natural result, and the Duke of BROGLIE would now be Prime Minister. But M. JULES SIMON is pliability itself. If he cannot please the Chamber in one way, he is perfectly ready to try the opposite way. When he found that M. GAMBETTA was not content with a mild repudiation of the Bishop of NEVERS and his allies, M. SIMON was ready with a more violent repudiation. He had no objection to accepting a vote of confidence which bore a remarkable resemblance to a vote of censure. Indeed, it is hard to conceive a form of Resolution which he would not have accepted. It may be said, no doubt, in his defence, that he, equally with the Extreme Left, foresaw that, if he was defeated and had in consequence to resign, he would be succeeded by a Ministry of reaction. This circumstance may be sufficient to constitute a moral justification for M. SIMON'S weakness. But, though it makes his conduct excusable, it does not make it prudent. There are victories which, as far as results go, are not to be distinguished from defeats, and M. SIMON'S victory in the Chamber belongs to this class. What will it avail him to remain in power when it is known to all men that the condition on which he is allowed to remain in power is that he yields entire submission to M. GAMBETTA'S orders? For all practical purposes M. SIMON'S Cabinet is M. GAMBETTA'S Cabinet. M. GAMBETTA has the control of everything, and M. SIMON retains nothing but the responsibility of what M. GAMBETTA does. If this is a position which M. SIMON likes to hold, rather than hold none at all, there is no more to be said. The tastes of Prime Ministers are as unaccountable as the tastes of ordinary men. But M. SIMON might at least have made an effort to avoid it. It is impossible to predict the result of a general election held at this moment under the guidance of the present Cabinet; but, if the Cabinet had had any spirit, it would have tried the experiment. If it had failed, and office was still only to be had on condition of some one else having the power, M. SIMON might have pleaded his respect for the will of the nation, as expressed in the elections. As it is, he can only plead his respect for the will of the Left, as expressed in the vote of the Chamber. But, to say the least, it is not certain that the result of a general election would have been to return as Radical a Chamber as the present. At the last election a reactionary Government appealed to the country to say whether it would have Republican institutions administered by Republican Ministers, and the answer was unmistakable. If M. SIMON had allowed the Left to drive him into a dissolution, a moderate Republican Government would have appealed to the country to say whether it would have Republican institutions administered in a Conservative or in a Radical sense. The disposition to abstain from voting has spread so terribly of late in France, that it is possible that the constituencies would have given no certain answer to this question. But, if they had not done so, M. SIMON'S position would hardly have been altered for the worse.

M. GAMBETTA apparently wishes to see France embarked upon an ecclesiastical war. He burns to introduce a Bill like the one which has just been rejected by the Italian Senate. M. MANCINI has declared during the debate that the safety of Italy depends upon the Clerical Abuses Bill being passed. It is difficult to take in clearly what are the hidden dangers from which this kind of legislation is to preserve either Italy or France. The organs of the Italian Ministry say that the vote of the Senate shows clearly that the Right are becoming a purely clerical party.

It is precisely this circumstance that makes the tactics of the Left so imprudent and so inexplicable. What is the good of throwing all the Conservative force of the country into the arms of the Ultramontanes? Alike in Italy and in France, that force is, and must remain, a very powerful element in determining the policy of the nation, and there can be no greater folly than to make it your enemy without cause. Curiously enough, it is the organs of the Radical party that are most anxious to proclaim that the POPE has been disconcerted by the rejection of the Bill. They do not see that, if this is true, it is the best possible testimony to the wisdom of the Italian Senate in rejecting it. They are so eager for the fray that they are wholly careless of the circumstances under which they begin the engagement. A Radical party which, in the present state of Europe, thinks of nothing but how to make as many enemies as possible is not likely to enjoy power very long.

THE FULLER CASE.

THE correspondence on the FULLER case which has just been published puts the action of the Government of India in a clearer light than it has hitherto been presented in. It is evident that their second thoughts were not quite identical with their first thoughts, or, rather, that the reasons at first assigned for their condemnation of Mr. LEEDS were not quite the same as those on which they ultimately determined to ground their decision. It will be remembered that Mr. FULLER struck an Indian servant, and that the death of the servant followed almost immediately upon the blow. Mr. FULLER was indicted before Mr. LEEDS for causing hurt to his servant, and Mr. LEEDS sentenced him to pay a fine of thirty rupees. The Government of India called the attention of the local Government to the case, and the local Government thereupon took the opinion of the High Court of the province on the adequacy of the sentence. The High Court answered that, as Mr. FULLER neither contemplated nor could have foreseen that severe hurt, much less death, would follow on the blow, the sentence did not appear specially open to objection. Upon receiving this answer the Government of India wrote to the local Government regretting that the High Court should have considered that its duties and responsibilities were adequately fulfilled by the expression of such an opinion; and censuring Mr. LEEDS for not sending Mr. FULLER for trial for the more serious offence of causing grievous hurt or of culpable homicide, and also for evincing a most inadequate sense of the magnitude of the offence of which Mr. FULLER had been found guilty. The High Court of the province did not sit down quietly under this criticism. They denied the right of the Government of India to express either approval or condemnation of their conduct, and they argued that, in censuring Mr. LEEDS, the Government of India had acted in forgetfulness of the provisions of the Indian Penal Code. Under that Code a man can only be convicted of culpable homicide if he has caused the death of another with the intention of causing death, or with the knowledge that he was likely to cause death. Nor can a man be convicted of causing grievous hurt unless he either intended to cause it or used means which he knew were likely to cause it. There was no evidence that Mr. FULLER had intended the death of his servant, or that he knew death was likely to follow upon the blow, or that he meant to cause him grievous hurt, or that he used means which he knew were likely to cause grievous hurt. Consequently, he was properly convicted of simply causing hurt.

The Government of India forwarded the minute of the High Court to Lord SALISBURY, and in doing so they restated their views with more caution than they had shown in their letter to the local Government. We pointed out, when the news of the case first came to England, that those who accused the Government of India of ignorance of the Indian Penal Code forgot the distinction between convicting a man of an offence and sending a man to be tried for an offence. There was one unfortunate sentence, however, in the letter of the Government of India to the local Government, which might be used to show that they themselves had forgotten this distinction. "The GOVERNOR-GENERAL in Council cannot say whether Mr. FULLER would have been convicted of a more serious offence such as that of causing grievous bodily hurt, or that of 'culpable homicide, had he been charged with it.'" It is clear from the provisions of the Code that Mr. FULLER

could not have been convicted of either of these offences, supposing that no more evidence had been forthcoming than such as Mr. LEEDS decided to receive. Consequently the GOVERNOR-GENERAL in Council ought not to have been made to express uncertainty as to the result of Mr. FULLER's trial by a superior Court. In their despatch to the SECRETARY of STATE the Government of India are careful not to repeat the blunder. They say, with truth, that the interpretation which the High Court of the province seems to put upon the Penal Code would confine to the lower and less experienced Court the decision on all delicate questions of law and evidence. The High Court says that a magistrate is to commit an accused person for trial only when he is satisfied that there is *prima facie* evidence of his having committed an offence which, in the magistrate's own opinion, he is either not competent to try, or not competent to visit with an adequate sentence. To this exposition of the law the Government of India take no exception. "The action of the magistrate is to depend on his being satisfied, and on his own opinion. But a man may be satisfied on reasonable or unreasonable grounds, and may form his opinion with or without care or judgment." Mr. LEEDS had to decide whether Mr. FULLER should be tried before a tribunal which could receive evidence "either of the graver class of crime or of an aggravated instance of the lighter class," or before a tribunal which, for want of jurisdiction, would be incompetent to entertain such evidence. There was some evidence offered at the trial which, if believed, would have given Mr. FULLER's offence a graver complexion than Mr. LEEDS considered it to possess; and the Government of India think that both the evidence and the legal definition of the offence ought to have been left to the judgment of the higher Court.

It appears to us that the Government of India were undoubtedly right in taking this view. They say, with perfect truth, that "the act of illegal violence committed by Mr. FULLER belonged to a class of offences which ought, for obvious political reasons, to receive the fullest, the most public, and the most authoritative examination whenever they occur, by a tribunal competent to inflict upon any offender, whatever his nationality, such sentence as may be found to be appropriate." That absolutely equal justice should be administered as between Europeans and natives; that Mr. FULLER should receive the same punishment, neither more nor less, for giving his servant a blow which was followed by death as the servant would have received if he had given Mr. FULLER a blow which was followed by death; that the law should know, in short, no distinction whatever between the two cases, is of incalculable importance to the good government of India. There is grave danger that when the natives see an Englishman fined thirty rupees for killing his servant—and this, it must be remembered, is how the facts will have been described by and to the native public—they will argue that the law, in spite of its professions, is a respecter of persons, and that Mr. FULLER has got off easily, not because his offence under the provisions of the Penal Code was a slight one, but because he belonged to the governing instead of to the subject race. We do not mean, of course, that Mr. FULLER ought to have been convicted of an offence which he had not committed. But the fact that death had followed upon the blow made it very necessary that the investigation into the particulars of the offence which he had committed should be as full, as public, and as searching as possible. A trial before a subordinate magistrate does not possess these conditions, and Mr. LEEDS ought not to have been content with subjecting Mr. FULLER to such a trial. Had this been Mr. LEEDS's only error, the censure would have been justified, but the delay of promotion which was coupled with the sentence might have been thought unnecessarily severe. But, even if Mr. LEEDS had been right in thinking that it was not competent to him to send Mr. FULLER for trial for the grave offence of culpable homicide or causing grievous hurt, there was another reason why he ought not to have tried the case himself. The maximum punishment for the offence which Mr. FULLER undoubtedly did commit is a fine of a thousand rupees and a year's imprisonment. But a magistrate of Mr. LEEDS's rank cannot inflict on a European any heavier sentence than a fine of a thousand rupees and three months' imprisonment. Under these circumstances, the fact that death had followed upon the hurt caused by Mr. FULLER ought certainly to have been taken into account in determining

whether the punishment which could be inflicted on him by a subordinate magistrate was adequate or inadequate. Mr. LEEDS did not take this fact into account, and here again he was guilty of a grave error of judgment. Nor did the case against him stop here. Having himself the power to sentence Mr. FULLER to a fine of a thousand rupees and three months' imprisonment, he thought him sufficiently punished by a fine of thirty rupees and no imprisonment. Where death has immediately followed upon an act of illegal violence, a fine of something less than 3*l.* is, as the Government of India say, "scandalously inadequate, and in fact purely nominal." Mr. LEEDS's offence is accurately described by the SECRETARY of STATE as consisting in the circumstance that whereas, having a discretion, he was bound so to exercise it as to discourage the employment of violence to servants and to uphold the sacredness of human life, he did in fact exercise it in a manner likely to bring about exactly opposite results.

MANCHESTER AND THIRLMERE.

WE called attention some time since to a project for making a railway from Windermere through Ambleside and Rydal to Keswick. This ingenious proposal for destroying one of the most beautiful valleys in the Lake district seems in some way to hang fire. We have been on the look-out for its appearance in Parliament, with the full intention of doing anything that came within our power towards ensuring its rejection; but either want of courage or want of capital has kept the promoters unexpectedly quiet. In the meantime the valley in question has not been entirely let alone. It is now threatened by a new danger in the shape of a gigantic scheme for supplying Manchester with water from Thirlmere. This idea cannot be dismissed as promptly as the project of a railway. For the railway no case whatever could be made out. It would be almost as rational to carry a tramway through Westminster Abbey, in order to enable visitors to view the interior without leaving the cars, as to deprive Rydal and Helvellyn of the beauties which make them worth seeing, under pretext of enabling more people to see what is left of them in a shorter time. But the Thirlmere project is put forward under the shelter of the paramount plea of public health. Manchester wants water, and engineers tell her that Thirlmere is the source from which, taking all things into account, water can be most easily brought. It is not contended that the need is as yet a pressing one, or that the proposed scheme is the only one which will give the necessary supply. If these two pleas could be made good, the question would cease to be an open one. Even the preservation of natural beauty, important as it is, must give way to the considerations of life and health which are involved in a sufficient supply of pure water. Neither of these arguments, however, is alleged on behalf of the present scheme. It is only said that Manchester will want water by and by, and that, of all the proposals for meeting this want, the idea of bringing water from Thirlmere is, on the whole, the best. It is open to every one, therefore, to criticize this scheme at his pleasure. If it can be shown that Manchester does not want water, or that it can be got nearer home, a *prima facie* case against the scheme will have been made out. If it can be shown that, amongst the alternative projects that have been suggested, the Thirlmere scheme is open to special objections from which some at least of the others are free, this *prima facie* case will have been sufficiently proved.

Manchester is at present supplied with water from the Longdendale Valley. The utmost amount of water that can be obtained from this source is estimated at 24,500,000 gallons a day. The authors of the Thirlmere project maintain that this quantity will before long be insufficient for the wants of the population. In support of this they point to the increase in the consumption of water during the last four years. In 1873 the daily average was 15,500,000 gallons. In 1874 it was 16,750,000 gallons. In 1875 it rose to 17,000,000 gallons. In 1876 it dropped again to 15,750,000 gallons. This decrease is attributed to the unusual amount of rain which fell during the summer. It is estimated by those who wish to see the Corporation of Manchester committed to the Thirlmere project, that by 1883 the annual consumption will be equal to the largest amount which the Longdendale system can furnish, and on that assumption they plead that it is not at

all too soon for the Corporation to be looking out for fresh sources of supply. The advocates of the Thirlmere scheme claim to have only made fair allowance for the growth of population, for the increase in the consumption per head, which more than keeps pace with the growth of population, and for the increasing pollution of the neighbouring wells and streams, which every year makes the customers of the Corporation more numerous. Upon this part of the question it is only necessary to say that, though the future inadequacy of the present water supply may be a good reason for taking time by the forelock in supplementing it, it is not of itself a reason for entering upon so enormous an undertaking as that which the Manchester Corporation are said to have in view. Apparently the Thirlmere scheme is expected to yield water enough for the supply, not only of Manchester, but of many towns on the route. But, with an existing supply of 24,500,000 gallons a day, it seems hardly necessary to do more than make some moderate addition to it. Granting that sufficient water for the whole of Manchester cannot be had nearer than Thirlmere, it does not follow that sufficient water for those parts of Manchester in which the need is, or is likely to be, most keenly felt may not be had nearer. It is asserted by the opponents of the scheme that, as a matter of fact, it is to be had within a dozen miles of the city, even if it cannot be raised from deep wells. Upon this latter point the Corporation will soon be better informed, as the experiment is about to be tried at Liverpool. It seems probable, therefore, that unless the Thirlmere scheme is singularly free from objections, the Manchester Corporation are meditating a needlessly rash fight.

So far, however, is the Thirlmere scheme from being singularly free from objections, that it seems open to at least two of considerable weight. It is not certain that the scheme will be a safe one; it is certain that it will be exceedingly injurious to the beauty of a singularly beautiful district. It is proposed to treat Thirlmere as the principal reservoir for Manchester, and in order to enable it to play this part it is proposed to embank the lake at the Keswick end, so as to raise it 60 or 70 feet above its present level. It is objected to this that the breaking of an embankment is not an utterly unknown event, and that, if this one should break, the destruction wrought by the pent-up water in its course towards Keswick would be incalculable. The people of the district can hardly be expected to risk their lives and property in order to give Manchester more water than it wants. The objection founded on the injury which it is alleged the project would inflict on the beauty of the district is, as has been said, secondary to the objection founded on the risk incurred by the neighbouring inhabitants. But, if Manchester can get drinking water elsewhere, it is certainly better that she should get it at a smaller sacrifice. This seems almost to be conceded by the supporters of the Thirlmere scheme; for, instead of arguing that, so long as Manchester is supplied with water, it does not matter by what expenditure of natural beauty the object is attained, they set themselves to prove that the embankment of the lake will be a positive improvement to the district. They seem to have no conception of beauty except such as depends on pure size. The effect of raising the level of the lake will be to nearly double its length, and, as a necessary consequence, to lay a considerable part of the surrounding country under water. The village of Wythburn would be entirely swallowed up, so that the reservoir would comprise, in addition to the contents of a lake, the contents of a buried churchyard. On the whole, it seems safer to leave the proportions of lake and land as they are, or, if it be necessary to alter them, to do so on the plea of utility, not on the plea that a lake six miles long is more beautiful than one three miles long, or that an embankment can be made by a judicious use of artificial boulders to look better than the natural shore. Some of those who have taken part in the controversy seem indignant that any such considerations as the beauty of the Lake district or the safety of its inhabitants should be mentioned in the same breath with the convenience of the people of Manchester. They will hardly deny, however, that even such trifles as these have a claim to be remembered so long as it is not proved that the convenience of Manchester requires them to be sacrificed. At present it is difficult to see that anything more is at stake than the reputation of the Corporation for readiness to undertake gigantic enterprises. It is even possible that, if

this project is defeated, the ratepayers of Manchester may some day feel grateful to those who helped to save them from incurring so vast a burden. It is not absolutely certain that the present demand for water will go on increasing in a kind of geometrical progression. It is just possible, for example, that the present application of water to sewage may be superseded by some new discovery; and, if so, one of the chief occasions for the use of water would disappear. It is just possible, again, that boring for water may become more general than it now is, and that the Lancashire towns, which the Corporation of Manchester looks forward to supplying with water from their huge aqueduct, may find it cheaper to dig deep wells for themselves, and so leave the Thirlmere water on the hands of its possessors. These may be remote contingencies; but even remote contingencies ought to be taken into account when the object of those who ask that they should be disregarded is to spoil one of the most beautiful valleys in Cumberland, to prepare the way for a disaster of the first magnitude, and to impose a very large outlay upon future generations of ratepayers.

BRINGING BACK THE MASTODON.

TO live in the good old manner of his now extinct family, and to enjoy the comforts to which they were accustomed, the mastodon would require a complete change in the climatic conditions and in the flora of Northern Europe. For these reasons, among others, "Nature brings not back the mastodon," as Mr. Tennyson says, and science has made no attempt to reintroduce him. For practical purposes he would be of no use whatever; and even if he afforded some sport, it is clear that economists would have reason to denounce mastodon forests as examples of culpable luxury. They might well ask why the designs of nature should be interfered with, and an antediluvian and mischievous animal acclimatized, at the cost of the suffering of hardy peasants, and all merely to add to the pleasure of dukes and rich manufacturers. These considerations are so obvious, they present themselves so readily to the mind which for a moment, in reading the Laureate's *Mort d'Arthur*, contemplates the restoration of the mastodon, that no intention of bringing him back has ever been seriously entertained. But in political and private life, in letters and in art, a very great amount of talent and industry and sentiment is always being expended in the effort to restore ideas, institutions, manners, and feelings that are as hopelessly obsolete and as incapable of living in the air of the present world as the animal referred to by Mr. Tennyson.

Perhaps it is because we are an historically-minded generation, and have as a rule been educated to an extent out of proportion to our natural faculties, that we are constantly planning impossible restorations. During the last sixty years the world has had a wider acquaintance with the past than in almost any former period. Scott may be said, more than any one other man, to have made popular the knowledge of a large class of matters which are not only extinct, but more or less fabulous. His influence caused a number of attempts to bring back—not so much the mastodon, which once really did exist, and browse greatly on all green things—as the unicorn, the gryphon, and a number of creatures of fancy. The Highlander of Scott, for example, was not only extinct, but had never been anything but mythical. Yet the effort to revive him, and to preserve him in the atmosphere of the world of gas, electricity, railways, non-resident landlords, and artificial deer forests, was made with great energy and perseverance. The attempt has not even yet ceased, and you may see Fergus M'Ivor displaying his tartans and the nudity of his knees in Princes Street, Edinburgh; while Callum Beg competes for the prize of piping at the Braemar gathering. By "making believe very much," and by a vigorous effort to forget the fate of the real Highlanders such as they were, this restoration of an extinct ideal is still maintained in existence. It has had more vitality than the restoration of the tournament, which gave a few convulsive struggles when Lord Eglinton tried to galvanize it, and which is now expected to appear again in a debased form, not unmingled with the Oriental diversion of Polo.

So rapidly are these restorations forgotten, so quickly does one stuffed monster of an anachronism appear and take the place of those which went before, that the world only knows the Young England party through the novels of Lord Beaconsfield. Baronial halls, a loyal tenantry, all of them members of a yeomanry corps and ready to sell their lives dearly in defence of the bonny house of Baracres, ladies who were "loaf-givers," picturesque paupers delighted with their doles—a society, in short, restored in the best manner of carpenter's Gothic, was the favourite mastodon of many well-meaning people. As the tournament dwindled into polo, the restoration of Old England dwindled into Old English chairs and tables, and even these have disappeared before the energetic revival of Queen Anne. It is beginning to be discovered that to get rid of plate-glass and put lattices in windows will not really revive the extinct wit and statesmanship and urbanity of that monarch's reign. One might as well try to bring back Mr. Froude's favourite mastodon—the glorious early years of Henry VIII.—by setting up a fresh pair of stocks under

every green tree, branding stray gipsies now and then, and whipping a few tramps once a week on every village green. People may dress like the persons in the pictures of Watteau, and may even use the fans of the period; but the charming refinement and insensibility to human suffering of that age has passed into the antediluvian world. After dressing like Boucher's women at night, ladies are fain in the morning to go into highways and byways where Boucher's women would never have set their fashionable *talons rouges*, and to minister to poverty and sickness which the French models would have passed with an affected shudder. Perhaps even in this work a little of the spirit of revival may be noticed, and the costume of the charitable recalls that of some defunct order of nuns.

The great age of impossible restorations was, of course, the revival of letters, when ingenious scholars did succeed in being quite as "honestly Pagan" as the ancients, or even more so. Hawthorne, in the *Marble Faun*, has a mysterious character who is believed to be the ghost of some Roman of Nero's time, condemned to wander through the modern world with the secret of a lost sin which he in vain attempts to communicate. A great deal of the work of bringing back the past which went on in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries reminds one of the amiable enterprise of Hawthorne's spectre. We hear almost as much now as was heard four hundred years ago of reviving the free, the blithe, the unconscious spirit of Hellas, which really, after all, is a mastodon like the rest, a thing defunct and condemned. Much of the poetry and painting of to-day is a subtle and ingenious evocation of what happily cannot be recalled. "They give and take; the gods cannot restore"; and there is something either strange and unholy or absurd in all conscious restorations. Even the style of the English Bible may be used too much in literature where that style is really a revival, an exotic.

Some time ago it was fashionable in French novels to bring back the spirit of the court of the Valois, and the ladies of fiction tried to experience grand passions in an epic and homicidal fashion. This was not the least certain indication of the fall of the existing order of things, and the end of the Empire. When people could not be in love without a conscious imitation of a remote age which was at least original in its way, there was clearly but little strength left in the imitative society. The immorality of the time was as shaky as the morality of the voluble school of Rousseau. You can't really be much in love if you are trying to be like some one you have read of in a book, any more than you can become truly virtuous by reviving the manners of the state of nature. The author of *Sandford and Merton*, who aimed at bringing back the Spartan virtue of Leonidas and company, went too far back to look for examples. This restoration was so evident an error that even Spartan stoicism in enduring the penal results would be no longer held to ennoble the failing of petty larceny, say the stealing of a bag-fox. There are two difficulties in the way of bringing back anything, however excellent—say the Inquisition, the feudal system, the stocks, the English style of the translators of the Bible—which has had its day, and has yielded to fate. First and most obviously, the new conditions and environment will not allow the old organism to exist. New conditions will beget their own *partus temporis*, their own birth of time, which, young and robust, shoulders the old tottering revived thing out of the way. It may be said by the friends of restoration that the thing revived becomes at least one among the new conditions, and that, though it does not regain its ancient place, yet it does put forth some influence, and exercise some force working in the right direction. But they never can tell beforehand what that force may be, and they ought to remember, when they pick up some fragment of the past they love, and insert it in the present which they do not admire, that the rent will be made worse. The revival will put forth no force so powerful as the reaction from it is almost sure to be—the reaction and the ridicule. That the restorers do not see this is only part of the second opposing influence which makes restorations futile, and, while they last, dangerous. The restorers are, by their own choice, as far as their activity extends, cut off from the real, the natural life of their time, and so must daily become more and more incapable of understanding that and of influencing it. At the same time, as they have only been picking and choosing in the past, and have fixed all their attention on their favourite institution, they cease also to understand the true character of the times that are behind us. In reading any of Mr. Ruskin's later works one is constantly reminded of these two dangers of revival, and of wistful contemplation of things dead and buried. It is easy to collect a number of examples of good art and godly life out of the age of Dante and of Giotto, and to insist on the restoration of some such manners and ways. But the more a man's face is turned to these special matters the more the growth and hopeful signs of the moving world escape him, and the more readily he forgets all of his favourite past that does not agree with his views. Thus, to make restoration the activity of a life is not only to attempt an impossibility, but to live in fantasy, imprisoned, like Merlin, "in the most strong tower of the world, neither fashioned of iron, nor steel, nor timber, nor of stone, but of the air without any other thing."

The enchainment power of this fantasy is very much slighter, we find out our mistake very much sooner, when we try to restore something of our own personal experience, when we say "Tomorrow shall be as to-day," or as yesterday. Few people have escaped the knowledge of what it is to attempt to restore the conditions of past happiness. In such or such a place, with certain companions, they have had one of those intervals of calm and com-

plete enjoyment which occupy perhaps about three weeks in the course of the longest and happiest of human lives. Nature, and they, and their friends, and the local cooking, have all conspired to make time pass easily and pleasantly, without a single jarring note from the world outside. The whole experience dwells pleasantly in memory, and they look forward to renewing it. The moment comes when they do return, and find all the external conditions very much what they were. The same friends are there, and the rivers, and woods, and hills, or the sea, and there has been no consciousness of a break in the feelings and affections that made all these things dear and desirable. But the moment and the mood have flown, the selves of two years ago are no more to be restored than the mastodon or the Inquisition, and it is a comfort when the experiment is over. Any one may try the thing without difficulty by reading a book which gave him pleasure when he was a boy, or in love, or unhappy, or in his good days, when things went well with him. Every page is a restoration of himself, but not a pleasant one. The old pang which the poet assuaged will rankle, the old delight which the verse gave will be broken now, and refracted through a hundred memories of the fields that have forgotten our feet, and the faces whose regard is changed. To bring back ourselves is the sorriest of all restorations, and unfortunately is not impossible, like the other efforts to restore extraneous things. On the contrary, the extinct personality insists on revisiting the places where it was at home, and we have more often to exorcise our past than to try to evoke it.

COUNTY TOWNS.

IN the course of the last seventy or hundred years not a few of our county towns have been disappearing. We do not mean to say that one comes upon deserted sites where the ruins of the town-hall and parish churches rise in the wrecks of their more massive strength among moss-grown fragments of slighter masonry; where the fox makes his kennel in thickets of bramble, and the owls and the bats find congenial solitude. Very far from it. But many of these quaint, old-fashioned places have been caught in the rush of accelerated prosperity, and have grown out of knowledge of the worthy citizens of several generations ago, whose dust has been peacefully mouldering near the tablets that perpetuate their memories. The county town, in its general acceptance, was less the actual capital of a county than the popular centre of a district. Thither the surrounding gentry went up on periodical visits of pleasure and business; there they sometimes had town residences which they regularly occupied at certain seasons; and thither their spinster aunts and bachelor uncles would retire in the shady evening of their days to make the most of limited means in the enjoyment of local consideration. There was a time, although now it is somewhat remote, when the pretty town of Manchester on the picturesque banks of the beautifully wooded Irwell was a favourite resort of the Lancastrian magnates; when Newcastle, girdled by its crumbling walls, looked across the pellucid waters of the Tyne to the precipitous green slopes of the opposite Gateshead; when Leeds and Sheffield, and dozens of the busiest of their competitors, lay under skies as clear as you can have in Northern England, and were swept by the freshest breezes from the Wolds. Now nobody would dream of associating any idea of the county with them. Rich merchants and manufacturers have been buying out the surrounding squires. The cities have cast the shadow of their restless industry over a wide range of what once was country. The clouds of smoke from countless chimneys hang like a pall over the languishing verdure. Landowners and farmers pour in the supplies, which are swallowed without a thought by insatiable voracity; but the real business of these emporia lies abroad, and they turn their eyes and minds to the markets of the world. The countryman, whatever his rank and condition, comes as a stranger and foreigner into their bustling streets; and as he gazes at the display in the shops, or wanders open-mouthed among the shipping by the wharfs, he is lost among the crowds with which he has nothing in common.

Happily, however, for the amateurs of the peaceful and the picturesque, the concentration of trade on congenial sites is the safeguard of towns less favourably situated. These change their primitive characters the more slowly that their superabundant energy is attracted elsewhere. Even in the North there are places which lie remote from coal-fields and iron-mines, and which have neither navigable rivers nor the harbours that offer shelter to commerce. In all probability they are destined to remain the capitals of thinly-settled districts that are purely agricultural or pastoral. Yet they rarely lose ground, if they do not gain it, and in spite of the transmutations going on elsewhere, they still retain something of their pristine importance. They have still their assizes and their quarter-sessions. They have their great market days, which are occasions to be looked forward to by the graziers and corn-growers in a vast number of parishes. They have their gaols with a respectable number of tenants. In a quiet old-fashioned way they are tolerably thriving, and even make steady though leisurely progress. Possibly there is some small local industry which gives employment to a considerable number of hands; and the masters with their families of friendly workpeople know little of strikes or lock-outs. They have one line of railway at least, with a handsome terminus in the outskirts, where the staff is rarely flurried by any scramble of traffic. And their tranquillity and economy,

with their rural attractions, ensure them a certain number of residents, who may not be in the way of running long bills, but whose payments may be relied upon with almost absolute certainty. You know the appearance of that sort of place when you first catch sight of it from some eminence. You may be sure it will be rather prettily situated on the broken ground in a little valley. As you approach it on a fine spring day you see the wreaths of thin grey smoke curling up over the irregular lines of houses, in an atmosphere that only seems the clearer for some streaks of black from the chimneys of the breweries. The square church tower with its venerable buttresses makes an imposing centre point for the eye to rest upon, while here and there a spire or a high-peaked roof is thrown out as a salient feature against the landscape. The town stands on its stream, of course, which you cross by a bridge of considerable antiquity; and the entrance on the other side is by an ancient archway which has been cherished as a relic of departed grandeur. Beyond the gateway is the High Street, a spacious thoroughfare, gradually widening into the irregular oblong of the market-place. Save on very special occasions, things do not look brisk; yet the general impression is of cheerfulness and extreme cleanliness. The sanitary arrangements may be less perfect than they seem, but on the surface there is nothing to shock the senses. The small rounded blocks that form the causeway sink down in a rapid slope to either side, where the rain runs off in open rivulets, which sometimes come down in flood in a thunderstorm. The pavement is of very irregular width, and each house-owner must have laid it down before his door as seemed best in his own eyes. The Corporation does not interfere with the tradespeople, who pile packing-cases and hampers under their windows. But these windows are often of handsome plate glass, and their contents leave little to desire and make a very attractive show; for the place has hardly been touched by the Co-operative movement, and the shopkeepers have all the county for their customers. A pair of steps resting against the front of the "Black Bull" shows that there is one coach at least which starts from that very comfortable-looking hostelry; while the railway omnibus drawn up before the door is being loaded with the baggage of some commercial travellers. The "Black Bull" does an excellent business. It is the resort of all the gentlemen about; one of them is at this moment conversing with the portly landlord while waiting for the ostler to bring round his dogcart. The assembly-rooms are in a wing thrown out behind; and there is a snug apartment on the first floor, which is a subscription reading-room for a select society. As for the farmers' ordinary, that comes off at the "Plantagenet Arms" opposite, and between the two inns stands the market-cross, a massive but graceful monument of antiquity. The town takes a justifiable pride in the grand old abbey church, which has been restored with much liberality and some discretion; and, besides the remains of the cloisters and the city walls, there are some quaint bits of domestic architecture to tempt the artist or the archaeologist. In the way of material well-being there are the square, many-windowed houses with the bright door-plates and knockers, the mansions of the banker and brewer, and the leading lawyers and doctors; while a good number of quaint cottages and showy modern villas occupy more secluded situations among their gardens and shrubberies in the environs.

For the neighbourhood is romantic, or at least picturesque, enough to please strangers of taste; and the grammar-school has a very good reputation with people whose families are in excess of their incomes. The town has a pleasant and simple society, although the shades of social distinction are clearly defined. The newly rich may spend freely if they like, but they seldom care to come out ostentatiously. For they have become rich by saving as much as by getting, and it is no manner of use wasting money in extravagance which only provokes social reprobation. The rector, who is a man of excellent family and made cordially welcome in the best houses around, gives the tone to the fashion, though by no means rich. Even the retired Indians and colonists, who have seen something of the world in their time, and who may possibly have been the petty satraps of departments, are made to feel at a disadvantage with the local aristocracy. The son of a race of squires who have sat on their hereditary acres for some centuries more or less is still a personage. The landlord of the "Black Bull," who is familiar or patronizing with everybody else, is affectionately deferential with him. Hats go off right and left as he strolls along the streets, although the citizens in these democratic days are not much given to saluting. His father's sisters, a couple of prim old ladies who are among the patronesses of all the benevolent institutions and Dorcas Societies in the place, claim precedence everywhere in virtue of their relationship to him. Yet there is a general tone of kindly feeling which softens to everybody the necessity for compromise. New comers are constrained to make a merit, under the rose, of being tolerant of provincial weaknesses which somewhat ruffle their susceptibilities. There is a perpetual round of mild gaieties. Dinner-giving is not much in favour, except among the gentlemen who will be *bons vivants*; and then the entertainments often come off at all sorts of abnormal hours. As you take your walk abroad in the late summer afternoon, you may look in across the railed-in strips of garden, through windows unprotected by blinds, at snug festivities in full progress. If you had the fortune to be one of the invited guests, you would find curdly salmon and early lamb and all the rest of it; and possibly the prolonged symposium afterwards might tax your head if it were none of the strongest. But the odds are that, even if there are ladies in the house, men

would greatly preponderate in the party. For the worthy women take a line of their own, which gentlemen of a certain age are rather shy of following. There are substantial and somewhat early teas, succeeded by light suppers; and there are small early dances as well, at which a good deal of hobble-de-hoy flirtation goes forward. And one of the most entertaining sights of the county town to the man or woman of maturity and experience is the youthful lady-killer in his local splendour, and the girls to whom he devotes himself, with the innocence of their airs and graces. Of course with him and them these premature love passages are but the prologues to more serious life attachments which will come sooner or later; but the proof of his earnestness is in the horrible jealousies engendered by the rivalry of officers, if there should chance to be a garrison. Society in these county towns may be but the caricature or dim reflection of life in London in the season. Rough intelligence shines rather than intellect, and the sensitive over-refinement of fashionable circles might be occasionally scandalized or even shocked. But, on the whole, the lives of their quiet inhabitants must be more enjoyable than well-to-do existence on the average; for the stagnation of their atmosphere has a paralysing influence on the vanities and ambitions that are the bane of mankind.

THE PATRONAGE OF ST. KATHARINE'S HOSPITAL.

IN reply to Lord Frederick Cavendish, who asked in the House of Commons a few nights ago "whether it was intended to advise Her Majesty to fill up the sinecure office of Master of St. Katharine's Hospital now vacant," Sir Stafford Northcote is reported to have said "that some time ago a Commission was appointed, with Lord Hatherley at its head, to inquire into the position of this institution." He added that "this Commission had made a Report containing certain recommendations," which "Report was now under consideration." This was, as our readers may remember, the Report of a Royal Commission first appointed in 1868, and renewed in 1869, and was published in the summer of 1871, when it was reviewed in our columns. The scheme recommended by the Royal Commissioners for the future administration of the Hospital revenues appeared to many persons, as it did to us, inadequate and unsatisfactory; and an Address to the Queen, embodying these objections to the scheme, was carried in the House of Lords on the 28th of July, 1871, upon the motion of Lord Nelson, who was strongly supported by the Bishop of London. It will be observed that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has not directly replied to the point of the inquiry addressed to the Government; but it is important to notice that the form of his answer implicitly admits the position assumed by Lord F. Cavendish respecting the true nature of the patronage of St. Katharine's Hospital as now exercised by the Sovereign. The nomination of each member of the Chapter of St. Katharine's, it is true, is the Queen-Regnant's only *pro hac vice*, the permanent right of patronage being invested in the Queen-Consort. But this fact in no way justifies the curious proposition which is occasionally maintained in private society that the "Queen" nominates to this foundation not as Sovereign, but as "an individual." What may be the precise meaning of this distinction we confess that we do not know. "An individual" is a very vague term. Set in contradistinction to the Sovereign, the word might appear to represent an owner of private property; and this, in relation to such an ecclesiastical appointment, we cannot understand at all. The right of *pro hac vice* nomination would seem to correspond exactly with the similar nomination to a benefice vacated by the promotion of the incumbent to a bishopric; the ordinary rights of the legal patron being only for the time in suspense. The patronage of St. Katharine's, as we have already stated, belongs of ancient right to the Queen-Consort. Dr. Ducarel, who drew up his original account of the foundation in manuscript as a kind of wedding present to Queen Charlotte, nearly twenty years before its appearance in an enlarged and by no means more correct form as a tract of the *Bibliotheca Topographica Britannica* series, seems to have been influenced in the direction of courtliness rather than of historical accuracy when he exalts "the great and unlimited power of the Queens-Consorts of England over this small ecclesiastical jurisdiction." Their "power over the jurisdiction" is evidently a flight of rhetoric, as the good Commissary by no means intended to create a feminine Court of Final Appeal; but he states very distinctly that "the Queen Dowager hath no power or jurisdiction when there is a Queen-Consort," referring at the foot of the page to law reports which set forth precisely the opposite doctrine, and confirm the right of the Queen Dowager for her life as against the Queen-Consort, which, considering the history of the re-foundation by Queen Eleanor "in ligia viduitate nostra," is not much to be wondered at. Perhaps Ducarel intended a side shot at the "jurisdiction" of a lady who might have been Queen Dowager at the time had circumstances permitted; or perhaps he had an intuitive perception that his young Patroness would never be Queen Dowager herself; in any case, it may be hoped that in his "exercise of the spiritual jurisdiction" of his Court he was a little more exact than in his occasional statements of historical fact.

The "jus advocacionis sive patronatus dicti hospitalis," the right of advowson or patronage thus vested in the Queens-Consorts, extended, at least from the re-foundation in 1273, over the nomination of the Master, Brothers, and Sisters of St.

Katharine's; but the remaining members of the Foundation seem to have been from the first appointed by the Chapter. The Foundation of Eleanor was completed by ten Beadswomen, and they only, at first, were resident with the Sisters of the Chapter within the Hospital; but the "six poor scholars," a portion of the twenty-four almsmen who were appointed to receive a daily halfpenny, and who were to assist the priests in divine service—"cum a scola vacarent"—seem afterwards to have become regular choristers of the church, and had a "boy's room" in the college at the Dissolution in 1545. The character of the foundation required of necessity that its domestic arrangements should consist of two perfectly separate parts; and the "ground-plot" of 1781 shows even to the later days of the Hospital the "Sisters' Close," containing the "Sisters' and Beadswomen's Houses" to the south of the Collegiate Church, while the quadrangle and cloisters assigned to the Master and Brothers are on its northern side. Thus the dissolution of the "College" and the preservation of the "Hospital" may very well have been coincident; and it was a part of Sir Thomas Wilson's scheme on obtaining the mastership to show that a Hospital only existed in his time. But the inhabitants of the Precinct as well as the Chapter of the Collegiate Church had rights under the charters, and these rights, both spiritual and secular, their energetic and determined action enabled them successfully to maintain.

As a knowledge of ecclesiastical history and its technical terms is not among the ordinary subjects required for competitive examinations, there is some excuse for Charity Commissioners, and even for Royal Commissioners, if they have fallen inadvertently into the mistake which, in Wilson's mouth, was a deliberate statement of known fact. He said that "Collegium S. Katharine non existit"; and this, not because it had been dissolved a few years previously, but because the foundation was simply "ad relevamen pauperum et debiliu mulierum"; and he contrived by some means to obtain a certificate from Bishop Grindal, stating in the most distinct terms that from the time of Queen Eleanor it had never been anything else than a hospital for poor and infirm women—"quodque in sua hujusmodi originali essentia in presenti existit ac continuatur." Modern Commissioners, into whatever blunders of history or scholarship they may occasionally fall by trusting to second-hand information, are incapable of anything like this; but nevertheless they persist obstinately in calling St. Katharine's Hospital a "charity." It is nothing of the kind. It is a Collegiate Chapter; an ecclesiastical foundation charged with certain alms as a portion of its religious work. The Royal Patroness nominated the seven members of the Chapter; the Chapter administered the alms subject to regulations made, and to be made, from time to time by the Patroness, and appointed or, if necessary, removed, the Beadswomen and others upon whom the alms were bestowed. But the "originalis essentia" of the foundation was that of a Religious House to maintain perpetually "the Divine Service of God," as the inhabitants of the Precinct, in direct contradiction to Wilson and the Bishop, declared. It is not unusual now to make a complete separation between the collegiate and the eleemosynary portions of a mixed foundation. Such a division, if we are not mistaken, has recently been made by a new scheme for the administration of the revenues of St. Katharine's; and there the "College" and "Hospital" will in future have separate Governing Bodies and entirely distinct estates. In like manner, it would be quite possible to separate the eleemosynary from the ecclesiastical functions of the Chapter of St. Katharine's, and to make a corresponding division of their estates; but the description of this Royal Free Chapel as a "charity" is about as accurate as would be the application of the same term to the Free Chapel of St. George at Windsor, or to Westminster Abbey itself. The right of advowson or patronage, therefore, which is vested in the Queen-Consort usually, and now in the Sovereign, extends, as we have said, to the nomination of the members of the Chapter, and so far as these are by law spiritual persons, the right is confined within the limits of the ecclesiastical law. The jurisdiction was exempt and peculiar, so that the clergy of the Chapter were not in any way subject to the Bishop of London; but otherwise it is unnecessary to insist on the obvious fact that they were and continue subject to the ordinary laws which govern the Church of England. The number of members in chapter, as well as the number of Beadswomen, poor scholars, and other members of or dependents upon the foundation might be, and indeed was directed to be, enlarged according to the discretion of the Queens of England as the possessions of the Hospital increased. But the secularization of a collegiate church by the transference into lay hands of its entire revenues, or by the conversion to educational and eleemosynary purposes of the funds of a foundation established chiefly for the maintenance of divine service, may be presumed not to be included within the powers reserved by pious foundresses to their Royal successors.

Whatever change in the legal position of St. Katharine's may have been effected by the Acts for the Dissolution of Religious Houses, and whatever mischief may have accrued to the foundation for the time as a consequence, it is certain that its complete rehabilitation, and the restoration of all its ecclesiastical and civil rights on the ancient lines was secured by the charter of Elizabeth, granted in 1565 upon the surrender of the existing charter of Henry VI. The loss of the Fair on Tower Hill, which was not re-granted by Elizabeth, may indeed have vexed the souls of antiquaries, but probably in effect this has simply prevented the existence of a traditional and intolerable nuisance. But the Elizabethan charter supplies the most

absolute and exhaustive answer to the curious statement of the Royal Commissioners in their Report of 1871, that the Hospital never had any local character. All men who did then reside, or should thereafter will and choose to reside, within the Precinct of St. Katharine, were as anxiously and distinctly provided for both by Henry VI. and Elizabeth, as were the Master, Brothers, and Sisters of the Hospital themselves. It is upon the basis of this provision, which in its principle is found throughout the earlier title-deeds of the foundation, as interpreted in its application by the ordinary equitable doctrine of *cy pres*, that the East-end clergy and other residents in the parishes adjoining the Precinct grounded the claim which they first advanced in 1865, and which they are now renewing in the form of a memorial to the Queen praying for its consideration, that the spiritual and temporal needs of the East-end should be regarded in any scheme for the administration of the revenues of St. Katharine's. But, as a preliminary step to the bringing forward of any such local claim, the justice of which we have already emphatically recognized, it is essential that the true character of the foundation, and the nature of the advowsons in the gift of its Royal Patronesses, should be clearly established. The reply which was commonly given in imperfectly informed private circles ten or twelve years ago, when the representations of the East-end residents were discussed, was that, as they could show no legal *locus standi* for their claims, their interference was mere meddling, and therefore no administrative reform was needed in the matter. A more complete *non sequitur* could scarcely be put into words. If the general necessity of reform is shown for any institution, the plea that a particular application of its benefits is not obligatory affords no answer to the question at issue. St. Katharine's Hospital has been proved, over and over again, to be an ecclesiastical foundation not now administered according to its original and true intention; and this position must not be confused with any question as to the justice or injustice of any local claim upon its revenues. Against the confusion of the ecclesiastical character of the Hospital with its eleemosynary trusts, and its consequent description by the common name of a Charity, we have already sufficiently warned our readers. No one who reads the Chapters Act of 1840 (3 & 4 Vic. c. 113) with any knowledge of the political circumstances of the time, and of their bearing on the appointment to the mastership of St. Katharine's in the previous year, can have any doubt as to the reference of the 65th section of the Act, which deals with "such Hospitals as were returned as Promotions Spiritual in the reign of Henry VIII.," or can misunderstand the direction that inquiry shall be made into the state of such Hospitals, not immediately, as in the case of all the other Cathedral and Collegiate Chapters named in the Act, but "as soon as conveniently may be." "The Ecclesiastical Commissioners" would seem to have been in something of the mind of Felix thus far, with respect to the "convenient season" for the inquiry which this section of the Act imposes upon them. Perhaps now at last the fitting time may have arrived. The body of the late Master of St. Katharine's has been buried at Kensal Green; where it might have been expected that the last offices of the Church for the head of the Collegiate Chapter would be solemnized by its clerical members, and not left to the unaided ministrations of the cemetery chaplain. But St. Katharine's, Regent's Park, does not appear—it may be by the mere omission of the newspaper reporters—to have been represented at this funeral service at all; while around the grave of the departed Master there did assemble a large concourse of the poor for whose welfare, alike spiritual and temporal, he had cared; a train of mourners gathered not from among the Beadfolk of Lord Lyndhurst's establishment, but from the courts and lanes of East-end districts adjoining the ancient and still remaining Precinct of St. Katharine-near-the-Tower.

MODERN QUAKERISM.

A RECENT article in the *Daily News* on the changes which have in modern days been gradually taking place in the system of Quakerism has given rise to some controversial correspondence on the subject. The writer of the article, who was stated to be "A Member of the Society of Friends," began by remarking that, while in the course of two centuries many social changes might be expected to occur, no associated body had during that period undergone such a transformation in this respect as that which had happened in the case of his own sect. "The political world," he went on to say, "has changed its front to the body; the religious world, from persecuting, has become obsequious; law no longer curses but blesses the denomination"; and "internally and unnoticed," there has also been a great change going on in the social position of the members of the sect. It may be admitted that, as the writer says, in most religious bodies there is a tendency to drift from the old social conditions; but he is clearly mistaken in citing as an example of this that "the Episcopal body has largely lost its hold on the poor"; for nothing is more conspicuous at the present day than the way in which the Church of England is by its earnest efforts recovering its hold on a class which at one time it rather neglected. It is true, however, that Wesleyan Methodism has, to a certain extent, assumed higher social pretensions, and that other forms of Dissent are also aspiring to a similar position. It is unnecessary here to discuss this aspect of the question in detail; but it is a matter of common observation that there is among Nonconformists

of all kinds a steady and increasing tendency to assimilate their system as far as possible to that of the Establishment. The plain, barn-like construction of dissenting meeting-houses has almost disappeared, and the Gothic style has been very commonly adopted. In many cases, too, passages of the Book of Common Prayer have been embodied in the services; and there is evidently a very general desire on the part of Nonconformists to try to imitate, and put themselves in the same position as, the Church. There is a popular saying that no Nonconformist family keeps a carriage for two successive generations; and any one who studies the subject cannot fail to observe that the jealousy of Dissenters towards Churchmen is more a question of social standing than of religious differences.

Even the Quakers have not been impervious to this influence. As the writer of the article to which we have referred points out, the change in the status of Quakerism "reveals the operation of more than one social current underlying the smooth sea of its outward appearance." One of the most prominent changes in the character of this body which he notices is in the condition of the members. In the early days only a few held influential positions, or such as implied the possession of wealth. Penn was the son of an admiral; Margaret Fell, a judge's wife; Anthony Pearson, justice for four counties; the Barclays and other Quakers of the first period may be reckoned above the middle rank of life; and there were also some others, yeomen and "statesmen," and middle-class people connected with the denomination. But a large proportion of the adherents belonged to the working classes, as is shown by the early records of the Society, where there are many references to "labourers," "websters" (weavers), hinds and farm servants, "taylors," skinnners and glovers, wine-coopers, cordwainers, in the chronicle of the early Leeds Friends. In 1680 in two hundred and fifty marriages, all the men belonged exclusively to the mechanical and shopkeeping classes, and there was not a single banker or anybody in the list. A hundred years later, in the same number of marriages, there were seven bankers, six doctors, and the merchants had increased, while the mechanics, labourers, cowkeepers, and so on, had fallen off. The Society has now almost ceased to recruit its members from the artisan class; but, on the other hand, there are not many of the richest sort of people in the sect, and the writer we are quoting thinks that the bulk of the members are of the middle class, including representatives of most of the trades. The same authority also quotes evidence to show that in their early period the Friends were by no means so strictly bound over to plain costume as afterwards. The founder, for example, bought for his wife a "piece of red cloth for a mantle," and as much black Spanish cloth as would make her a gown. Coloured stuffs were, in fact, then the common wear, and cost about 14s. a suit; and the Friends had no objection to brilliant colours, either in dress or other things, for we read of bedsteads with "printed curtains." It was not till later on when the early members of the body were passing away that the question arose as to the enormity of men imitating the "world in their extravagant periwigs or modes in their apparel," and "women in their high-towering dresses, gold chains, or gaudy attire." Then it was that the sect began to be exercised in mind on such matters, and to enforce a severe restrictive discipline for the purpose of enforcing uniformity of costume. All this, however, is said by the writer we have quoted to be now passing away; and, though he thinks the doctrinal position of the body has not altered, there is an end of the Ishmaelitic position which the Quakers used to occupy in the eyes of other denominations.

To this article a reply soon after appeared in the same paper, in which "An Old Member of the Society of Friends" challenged some of the statements made in it. It was not correct, he argued, to represent the early Friends as following the fashions of the world in dress in contradiction to their profession of using "this world's goods for comfort and propriety." The "Old Member," however, himself admits that there have been in modern days serious changes in the manners of the Quakers. The term "lady," he says, was never used among them; they were called according to the good Apostolic fashion "women," but now all are "ladies." Again, he asserts that the faith of the Society does not remain unaltered, but that "every well-informed member knows that it has been substantially altered and controverted in the writings of several deceased ministers of recent date, and their errors accepted by many, which one yearly meeting has confirmed by endorsing such as 'worthy of double honour' whilst living, and at death by a public testimony to the consistency of their lives." "Truly," he adds, "within the last sixteen years such fundamental changes have been made in our discipline and former Church government as to enable the new faith to develop, and we are now confronted with practices which completely ignore our true Christian testimonies in regard to worship, ministry, &c. The present social phase which the writer boasts of is the offspring of many departures from the faith of our forefathers, who could not be bought by the blandishments of this world, nor allured by its pleasures; and the social parties we now hear so much of are respectable gatherings of the worldly element." There is, further, a letter from Mr. W. Tallack, who is also a member of the Society, in which he declares that the assertion as to its faith being unaltered is too positive and unqualified, for "it is a matter of notoriety that Barclay's *Apology*, the once time-honoured exposition of the Society's doctrines, has long since been virtually and officially set aside by the refusal of the standing Executive Committee of the Society to reprint or re-issue it." The same charge of Friends having departed from their old ways holds good, he

says, as to practice:—"The Friends, as a body (though not yet in a formally official capacity), support an active missionary organization with permanently established and paid ministers. As a body, again, they have abandoned the old 'testimony' of their fathers against music. Pianos and songs are now to be heard in the homes of the Friends generally—of ministers, elders, and the flocks under them. The church 'discipline' also is almost wholly lapsed. Formerly Friends were promptly 'disowned' (excommunicated) for practices now of frequent indulgence. The dance, the theatre, the hunting-party may be (and are) now attended by some Friends without any inquiry or official comment."

On the whole, then, there can be little doubt that, whatever may be the case as to their doctrines, there has been a great alteration in recent years, at any rate in the external manner and dress of Quakers, many of whom have thrown off all the outward distinctions to which their predecessors used to attach such importance. The number of Quakers who are to be distinguished from other people by their costume or manner of speech would seem to be continually declining. At Croydon, Dorking, and other favourite haunts of Friends, the drab clothes, and broad-brimmed hats for the men, and close poke-bonnets for the women, may still be seen in a certain proportion; but it is a small one. Even at the May gathering in London there is no longer to be seen those Quakeress lilies, of whom Charles Lamb speaks as "whitening the streets." Here and there there may be a few of the old types; but it would seem that the open marks and badges of Quakerism are dying out. It may be that, as is pleaded, the solid essence of the system remains substantially preserved; but in other respects Quakers and Quakeresses are becoming very much like everybody else; and this is only the natural result of a process which has long been going on. If we look back through the records of the Society, we find how constantly there was a difficulty in keeping up the old formalities and rules, and how many wayward sheep were disposed to leap over or butt down the barriers. For instance, in the Rules of Discipline of the Society there is a clause, under the date of 1703, condemning "the excess of apparel and furniture," and all extravagances in colour and fashion, as a crying evil of the day. In 1753 it is lamented as "a matter of exceeding grief and concern" how far that exemplary plainness of habit, speech, and deportment which distinguished our forefathers is departed from by too many under one name. In 1732 it is observed with sorrow that, "contrary to the repeated advice given against an inordinate pursuit of riches, too many have launched into trades and business above their stocks and capacities, by which unjustifiable proceedings, and high living, they have involved themselves and families in trouble and ruin." A warning is also given that "speculation of any kind which may seem to hold out the prospect of a rapid accumulation of wealth greatly endangers tranquillity of mind." Again, in a book published in 1851 by "a lady who for forty years was a member of the Society of Friends," there are illustrations of the irksome discipline as to dress, and the disposition of the victims to evade it. The writer was blamed because the hem on her plain muslin collars was too broad, and she had to rework it to the breadth of a straw; her shawl was bound with narrow ribbon, and of course it had to be replaced with a broad one; and the garters had to be taken out of a bonnet, and plaited put in. Another time the overseers called to remonstrate against lessons from a drawing-master, and also against a French lesson, as "Friends might be tempted to say things in French they would not say in English." In Ireland, this writer says, "hairbine, stuff, and tabinet were once the approved materials for dress"; but "the women preachers now wear silk, and perhaps few ladies moving in fashionable circles of life can boast of a greater number of silk dresses, or of more costly fabric either, than they whose colours are confined to either drab or any dark shades of purple, brown, and green." We also hear of Quakeresses who, while conforming to regulation colours, go in for luxurious materials, such as caps of India muslin at a guinea a yard, and gowns of the richest and softest French silk. It may be regarded as a good thing that the Friends should have so far shaken off these foolish and fanatical restraints, and become more liberal and tolerant in regard to the rest of the world; but the truth is that the position which they assumed of an elect and isolated body was one which could not be permanently maintained. They could not keep clear of the society around them, and having, after all, only mere human nature as the basis of their character, they were influenced by the ways of the majority. At the same time, apart from the eccentricities and absurdities of which the class were once so enamoured, there is a right sort of Quakerism—a temper and habit of mind not peculiar to their body, but an element in all systems of religion and morality—that of self-restraint and moderate life; and, while the Quakers on their side are becoming like other people in their external appearance and manners, it may be worth while for the latter to catch something of the spirit of their discipline and reserve.

THE CAXTON CELEBRATION.

THE approaching Caxton celebration, like other celebrations of the kind, labours under a number of disadvantages. Its object is doubtful. Its origin is doubtful. And it has had the ill fortune, which of late years has attended but too many similar enterprises, of being picked up by South Kensington. It was in-

telligible enough that the printing and publishing folk who live and labour near Stationers' Hall should hold an exhibition of printing and books where they and their operatives and their customers might visit it. It was appropriate enough that this exhibition should be held in the four-hundredth year from the first dating of a book in England. And if any profit accrued from the show it might well be applied to the benefit of the Printers' Pension Fund. But when the managers resolved to remove their celebration to South Kensington, they changed the whole complexion of the undertaking. If they expect a profit, they expect what many there have looked for before, and have uniformly failed to find. If they expect crowds of visitors, they will probably be disappointed. Nurserymaids and children in perambulators cannot make a concourse, and the better classes in Brompton like flower shows and concerts, but care nothing for black letter. The magnificent collection of enamels in 1874 was almost entirely neglected by the public, even though it was held in the Museum, which is infinitely more accessible than the galleries round the Horticultural Gardens. The printers no doubt will attempt to visit this exhibition. But from Paternoster Row and Fleet Street to South Kensington is a Sabbath holiday's journey. They may go once; but the exhibition is, we hear, to be held in the West Galleries, and it is not likely that many will brave a second time the toils, and thread the mazes, of that labyrinthine nest of museums, galleries, gardens, hard gravel, and dust. Then, again, no one who remembers the exhibition of bindings held in the South Kensington Galleries three years ago can have the slightest confidence in the arrangement of the books. As to catalogues, they will probably be "under revision" until the end of the exhibition, and be untrustworthy at best. We are assuming that the catalogue and other arrangements will be carried out in their old fashion by the local officials. The princes and nobles of the earth who decorate the lists of South Kensington Committees may be able to secure the services of competent bibliographers; but, as a rule, such people are as proud in their way as lords and dukes, and are not very anxious to perform unpaid work where all the credit goes to a Royal Highness.

Things may be better managed on the present occasion, and our gloomy anticipations may prove mistaken; but the fatal step of going to South Kensington at all will go far to defeat the probable purpose of the promoters of the celebration. Granted that Stationers' Hall was not large enough, there was a building even more suitable, by situation at least, than Stationers' Hall. It is large, airy, accessible, practically empty, and has a qualification by which every other site in Middlesex is superseded; it stands on the very place, or within a very few yards of it at most, where William Caxton four hundred years ago first set up his press. It may not be too late yet for the managers to seek accommodation in the Aquarium—odd as are the associations which the name unluckily suggests. Considerations of local fitness are clearly in favour of such a change. The Dean, who likes to look upon himself as the successor of Abbot Esteney, would be a near neighbour. The grave of the Prototypographer of England, to give him his full title, is within two hundred yards of the spot, and the half-empty building would almost seem to have been preordained for the purposes of this celebration. The exact situation of the famous "Reed Pale" is not accurately known. A house in the Almonry was known as Caxton's until its fall in 1846; but it had certainly been built more than a hundred years after his death. It may have stood on the site of an older house. But there can be no doubt where the Almonry was. Mr. Blades suggests that Caxton rented his house under the Mercers' Company, of which he was a member. The Company had lands at Westminster, held, like all other lands in St. Margaret's parish, under the abbot; but Mr. Blades would make his connexion with the abbot and abbey to begin and end here. Abbot Islip, whose name so often occurs, through a mistake of Stow's, as that of Caxton's chief patron, was not elected till after his death. He once mentions in a prologue that Abbot Esteney "did do shewe to me late certeyn evidences"; but there is nothing to prove that they came into personal communication—a supposition which, indeed, the words seem specially to guard against. Caxton at Westminster, in short, was in the position of a retired woolstapler of means, returned from thirty-five years' residence in the Low Countries to spend the remainder of his days in employment which to him at least must have been more an amusement than a business, which he conducted with the care in minor matters which so often characterizes amateur work, and which afforded him scope for his talents as a writer both of prose and verse. This appears to be Mr. Blade's view of Caxton's position. He only took to printing in his declining years. He only survived his return from Bruges at most fifteen years. He seems to have worked with prodigious energy both at the press and in the study, and he certainly contrived before his death to make the art he had brought over both well known and also popular among his countrymen. By the end of the fifteenth century, Rood and Machlinia were printing at Oxford, the celebrated schoolmaster at St. Albans, and a "chapel" of young printers had been trained under Caxton's own care to carry on the art. Westminster was soon deserted. Caxton's successor, Wynkyn de Worde, dated his colophons for a few years from the house in the Almonry; but in 1499 he removed to Fleet Street, where, at the "Golden Swan," in the parish of St. Bride, he prospered and died rich. Of the exact date of Caxton's death we have no direct information. By a series of careful inductions his latest biographer has fixed it for the end of 1491, when he was seventy years of age. He had undertaken a

translation of the *Vitas Patrum*, which his successor published with the note that it was "fynysshed at the laste dayes of hys lyff." He was buried in the churchyard of St. Margaret's; and, according to the churchwarden's accounts for 1490-2, there was paid—"Item, atte Bureyng of William Caxton for iiij torches," 6s. 8d.; and, "Item, for the belle atte same bureyng," 6d.; from which Mr. Blades infers that the deceased was of great consideration in the parish.

But the Caxton celebration relates, not to the printer's death, but, as we have said, to the date of the first book printed in England. Until recently this was supposed to be the *Game and Play of the Chess*, and Caxton's device or trade-mark, adopted towards the end of his career, appears to be a 7 and a 4 interlaced, and was thought to commemorate the date and fact. But Mr. Blades has conclusively proved that the chess book was translated in 1474, when Caxton was at Bruges, and that it was about a year, or probably some time in 1476, before he returned to England. Colard Mansion, his teacher, seems to have printed a French version of Lefevre's *Recueil* of the history of Troy, which has usually been attributed to Caxton. This makes him, and not Caxton, the first French printer. It would be strange indeed if the honours of prototypography should belong to our Kentishman in both countries. The French, as might be expected, have made violent efforts to claim this *Recueil* for a French printer; but undoubtedly it was printed at Bruges, and either by Colard Mansion or William Caxton. The first book printed in English was a translation of the same *Recueil*, which Caxton finished in 1471, for the Duchess of Burgundy, the sister of our Edward IV.; and, as there was considerable demand for copies at the ducal court, Caxton learned, as he says, to ordain in type for the purpose of supplying them. The book was enormously popular for many years after his time. As lately as the beginning of the last century an edition was issued. Although it related to the Trojan wars, Caxton had no intention of forgetting the contemporary strife among his countrymen, and draws a moral in his conclusion which we may almost imagine Mr. Gladstone or Dr. Schliemann using to adorn a speech upon the excavations at Hisarlik:—"And I most humbly pray unto Almighty God that the example of these cruel wars and desolation of this famous city may be a warning to all other cities and people to flee adultery and all the other vices, the causes of wars and destruction; and that all christians may learn to live godly and in brotherly love and concord together: amen." But the *Recuyell* was wholly printed at Bruges, and it was not until November 1477 that the *Dictes and Sayings*, "late translated out of French into English by the noble and puissant Lord Antony Earl of Rivers, lord of Scales and of the Isle of Wight," bore the imprint of "me william Caxton at westmestre." In 1480 a book is dated "In thabbey of westmynstre by London"; and about the same time he issued an advertisement in which he invites all men "spiritual or temporal" who want "pyes" of the Salisbury use to come to "westmonester into the almonesye at the reed pale" and they shall have them good cheap. Whether the *Dictes and Sayings* was really the first book printed in England or not even Mr. Blades seems uncertain. There is no doubt it was the first printed with a date, and if Caxton did not settle in England till 1476, he would not have had time to do much, if anything, before it. About a dozen copies have been identified, and some of them will appear at the coming exhibition. One, in Lord Spencer's library, has a colophon in which the 18th of November is mentioned as the day on which the printing was completed. Four copies only are known to be perfect, one of them, that in the British Museum, having been made up of two fragments. All Caxton's books are now very scarce and valuable, even imperfect copies. Since 1819 twenty-seven of his works have been discovered, of which the very title of seventeen had been unknown. He printed in all about a hundred different volumes or editions, of which ninety-four have been identified, some of them having been picked out of pasteboard bindings and other hiding-places by the indefatigable searches of the modern book-lovers. A perfect Caxton is almost invaluable. A vellum copy of the *Speculum Vitæ Christi* of St. Bonaventure cost the trustees of the British Museum no less than a thousand guineas some ten or twelve years ago. A *Doctrinal of Sapience* on parchment is at Windsor Castle, and in the town library at Bedford there is an Indulgence granted by Sixtus IV. for aid against the Turks, also on parchment. Such examples are of the greatest rarity. There are eighty Caxtons in the British Museum, and some fragments, about a third of them duplicates. Lord Spencer has even a better collection; for though it only comprises fifty-six books, forty of them are perfect, and there are no duplicates. Cambridge comes next with fifty, and the Bodleian with forty-one. Thirty-three of his books are only known by unique or fragmentary copies, and the greatest number of copies of any one work is only twenty-nine. The famous copy of the chess book of which Scott's *Antiquary* tells as having been bought by "Snuffy Davy" for two groschen existed only in the fertile imagination of the novelist. The *Fifteen Oes*, a collection of prayers in English, of which only one copy remains, is perhaps the most comely specimen of Caxton's work; there is a border round every page, and several woodcuts; but it would have embittered his declining years could he have foreseen the so-called facsimiles of this and some of the other books which the celebration has already called forth.

MR. HARRISON ON DISESTABLISHMENT.

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON has published in the *Fortnightly Review* a lecture on "Church and State" originally delivered before the Liberation Society. It is marked throughout by the earnestness, the eloquence, and the ingenuity which are characteristic of the writer. But the constant oscillation between arguments drawn from the principles of Positivism and the ordinary platitudes of the Liberationist platform—which, however impressive, are too familiar by this time to stand greatly in need of repetition—produces an effect which is a little bewildering, not to say grotesque. It is sometimes difficult to feel sure how far the lecturer is expressing his own inmost convictions, and how far he is adapting himself to the prejudices of weaker brethren among his audience, while at other times one is haunted by an uneasy doubt as to how far his audience would agree with him. He begins indeed by stating that "the simple question before us is the principle of Official Religion"; but he nowhere definitely explains in what this simple principle consists, and he immediately proceeds to observe—in strict accordance no doubt with the Comtist system, but hardly, we should imagine, with the views of the Liberation Society—that "to make too much of a plea for equality would but little accord with my political convictions." Religious equality, however, is precisely what the Dissenters are clamouring for; religious liberty has long ceased to be an available grievance with them, except in the highly ideal sense in which the Pope is said to be a prisoner. With the Dissenters indeed, as such, it is difficult to suppose that Mr. Harrison can feel any very warm sympathy, although for the nonce he was—to cite language which has become classical, if it can hardly be called correct—"keeping company with his Festus Chamberlain and his Drusilla Collings." For the Church of England, whose liberation from State control he is pleading, he professes a far higher regard:—

All my associations have been with the Church; I have been educated within it by its priests and teachers; from boyhood I have been familiar with its spirit. Many of its ministers are and many have been amongst my friends; for not a few I have a lively feeling of admiration; with many I have on social questions the bond of common sympathies. With all that is manly and hopeful in the spiritual life of the Church we may honestly profess a genuine fellowship. Let us give it full measure of our tribute for all that it retains and for all that it can record, whether of learning, of culture, of largeness of temper, saintliness of life, devotion to its social mission, and real imaginative aspiration for a simpler and a wider future. If any man choose to deny that it still has a part in English civilisation (I speak of it solely as a spiritual body, with hope still latent in its inmost conscience); if any man choose to deny that it still counts within it some of the finest natures of our time—I am not that man, nor with that man. Least of all can I forget, surrounded as I have been with its spiritual influences, the promises of development which it holds, for they are amongst the most rational, the most humane—I would rather say the most human—of the manifold influences of Christendom.

We are far from desiring to question the sincerity of this eloquent appeal, but an appeal it is manifestly intended to be—and a very skilful one—to the well-known sympathies of an influential section of English Churchmen. It was stated the other day by one of our weekly contemporaries that more than a thousand clergymen have joined an association formed under Mr. Mackonochie's leadership for promoting disestablishment. We quote the statement, which has since been reproduced by the *Guardian*, without vouching for its accuracy. But Mr. Harrison must have been well aware that, when he complains of the Church being treated as "a political bureau," and inquires whether an official religion is not vicious in principle, and when he asks how long Churchmen "will endure to see religious life thus vulgarized by a compact which forces devotion into the attitude of a parasite, and turns the voice of the preacher into the grating tone of a State official," there is a diplomatic ring about his indignant queries. The Liberation movement is already receiving, if not "its critical impulse," substantial encouragement "from within the Church itself," and "sincere Churchmen yearning for the enlargement of their hopes" are exclaiming, whether wisely or not, loudly enough against "official dictation and political manipulation." Nor can we reasonably complain of an outsider making the fullest use for his own purpose of a line of argument which is passionately, and no doubt honestly, urged by a section of those within. It is not unfair to suggest that those who defend the existing Establishment merely on the ground that "the residuary legatees" will be either, as Archbishop Tait argues, the Church of Rome, or as others fear, "Infidelity, Materialism, Atheism, and so forth," are not paying it any very high compliment; and Mr. Harrison, for one, refuses to say anything so dishonouring to the communion in which he was brought up and in which he sees new life; he has too much respect for the traditions which its clergy, "from St. Augustine to Keble," have inherited. And it is a neat, and to some minds a convincing, mode of putting the dilemma to say, "If it is a living spiritual energy, it will live in a healthier way without Parliamentary prerogatives; if it cannot live without them, it deserves to die." Still less will a devout Anglican be likely to acquiesce in the very equivocal defence—borrowed, we presume, from the Establishmentian champions of the *Pall Mall Gazette*—that "the Church of England consists in this accretion of statutory privileges." It is obvious of course, as the lecturer points out, to meet such a plea with the taunt that not only the Free Kirk of Scotland and the Roman Catholic Church in England, but the very Mormons and Shakers contrive to maintain their position without such adventitious aid. But all this, however plausible, or undeniable, from a religious point of view, does not touch the real

ground of Mr. Harrison's contention. He is arguing, not as a Churchman, but as a citizen, that "it is a source of evil in the State that the political force of the Government should be able to buy the partisanship of a religious community, and with the common property or revenues of the nation give factitious ascendancy to a faith in which a minority alone believe." The words we have italicized appear to us irrelevant. Nearly the whole argument of the essay would be equally applicable if a majority or the whole body of the nation accepted the established faith. But let that pass.

Mr. Harrison's fundamental principle—which is far from being a novel one—is that the proper office of the State is not moral, but purely material, "to protect the lives and property, to insure the material convenience, of the citizens." That is a perfectly intelligible and perfectly tenable view, and is no doubt accepted by the Liberationists. We are not equally clear that it is consistent with Comtist orthodoxy. If that ideal commonwealth or Utopia to which Comte looked forward were ever to be realized on earth, we had always understood that "the wise and good" were to reign with absolute power. It would of course be a highly enlightened and beneficent despotism, but not the less a despotism, or rather—we were going to say a theocracy, but the etymology of the word recalls a central idea which Comtism desires to banish; let us say then a religious despotism, for Mr. Harrison himself has lately assured us in the "Modern Symposium" that "we shall come to see our Morality transfigured into a true Religion." But whether the purely material view of the functions of the State is or is not consistent with Comtism, the essayist's next assertion is flagrantly inconsistent with fact. And we cannot help wondering that so acute a reasoner should have encumbered himself with a plea which cannot be maintained, and is quite unnecessary for his argument. The State, he tells us, "can act only in material ways, by preventing deeds; it cannot act in moral ways, by inducing convictions or forming qualities. It cannot even compel actions which it approves; it can only punish actions which it condemns. It imprisons a wrong-doer; it cannot reprove his conscience." If for "cannot" we substitute "ought not," the theory Mr. Harrison supports would be adequately stated; if we leave "cannot," but insert and italicize *directly*, the assertion would be literally accurate, but would not help the argument. All States do a great deal, rightly or wrongly, to induce convictions and form qualities, and can hardly avoid doing so. It is contended, if our memory serves us, by the author of *Ecce Homo*, that most men's notions of right and wrong are actually, though not consciously, based much more on the law of the land than on the laws of God. Be that as it may, one or two very simple illustrations will suffice to prove our point. Does any one doubt that the high value attached to human life in England as contrasted with other countries is largely due to the severity with which murder is punished? Or, again, is it not clear that the disproportionate importance attached to crimes against property, as compared with crimes of personal violence short of murder, is due to the extreme—we do not say excessive—severity shown in punishing the former, and the entirely inadequate chastisement too often inflicted on the latter class of offences? One of Mr. Harrison's critics has suggested another illustration of the same fact, which he would probably claim as supporting his general argument. Half the English Episcopalians, it is argued, believe in the necessity or utility of bishops, because they are appointed by the State. It may be so, though the essayist would no doubt reply, So much the worse for the Episcopalians whose belief is based on such a rotten foundation, and so much the worse for the bishops who cannot vindicate the necessity or utility of their office without such extraneous support. Broadly speaking, his contrast between statesmanship as a matter of "compromise," and religion as a matter of "ideals and principles," is a just one. It is a further question whether the confusion between the two on which he so eloquently descants is necessarily involved in the maintenance of an Established Church, which is thought "to work well" by the wary politician and the "business-like bishop," when the clergy discharge the useful but inglorious part of an efficient "social police." In referring to the Minister of the day as "the real head of the Church of England," and in the following carefully drawn indictment against the *status quo*, the lecturer is again evidently bidding for the support of High Church Liberationists, whom indeed he appears throughout to have had more constantly in his eye than his Nonconformist audience:—

It is hardly a generation since Parliament entirely recast the whole scheme of Church property by the Ecclesiastical Commission, redistributing a vast proportion of its revenues and the duties of its functionaries; it is only the other day that this present Parliament amidst violent opposition passed an Act which wholly reformed the discipline of the Church; and it is now engaged in founding new bishoprics. Well! the House of Commons (and in this country we have long been accustomed to look to that House as the sole seat of power)—the House of Commons which does these things can hardly show a majority of English Churchmen. If we subtract the Irish, Scotch, Nonconformist, Catholic, and Jewish members, there will be a very narrow majority of members of the Anglican Church, and many of these are avowed opponents of an Establishment. And it is certain that of the constituencies which return that House a majority are not adherents of the Anglican Church. But Churchmen or not, the point of importance is, that these constituencies practically name the Minister and the Government who govern the Church of England, as completely as the Pope and the cardinals govern the Church of Rome.

We cannot follow Mr. Harrison through his amusing but not very complimentary criticism on the defensive argument of Mr. Freeman, who "has been lecturing about the Church of England

as if the English public were an old almanac, and as if mediæval history were the sole reality extant," and of another distinguished writer, already referred to, who "supports the official religion with all the pretty enthusiasm of an *abbé* of the last century," and, while "professing a superb detachment from the Christian verities, makes *vers de société* upon the Trinity, and tries to apologize by *bons mots* against Dissent." But the curious thing is that, after all this elaborate expenditure of argument, eloquence, and denunciation, we do not get from first to last any distinct explanation of what disestablishment means. Does it include disendowment? We are all agreed, Mr. Harrison says, that "an Established Church with its privileges, its ascendancy, and enormous possessions" must be kept in bondage to the civil power as long as it is allowed to exist at all. But "ascendancy" is a social quite as much as a political question, and wealthy endowments may grow up, as most of the property of the Established Church in fact has grown up, from private munificence. Then, again, the English people are said to be irrevocably resolved—the italics here are the author's—"that a Church which is trusted with official authority, and maintained by public endowments, shall never be a free Church." The public endowments, however, are endowments originating from royal or individual gifts guaranteed by public law. Are they to be—we are cautioned against talking of confiscation, but are they to be taken away? The essayist seems to answer Yes and No. There are passages implying, if we rightly apprehend their drift, that "the glorious abbeys and cathedrals," and the rectories and vicarages—which may be thought to carry the parish churches with them—are to be left to the disestablished Church, and it is expressly stated that churches built by existing congregations are not to be meddled with. We are certainly far from saying that if the Anglican Church were to be disestablished to-morrow it might not fairly claim at least as much as this, but it is by no means clear that such a concession is compatible with the general drift of the argument, and still less is it obvious that the Liberation Society would assent to it. Moreover a disendowed Church may acquire fresh endowments, and Mr. Harrison broadly hints that it would be a lasting disgrace to the members of the Church of England if it did not do so. And thus we might have the "enormous possessions" and the "ascendancy" they bring with them restored to the disestablished Church. The writer will perhaps reply that the Church of England has no claim to retain property designed for Roman Catholic uses, and this is apparently what is meant by speaking of her as "endowed by converted confiscations," and having "quietly usurped her vast possessions." But then he puts the Gallican Church of Bossuet and Fénelon into the same boat with her, and considers the position of the Russian Church to be worse than either, and in these cases there has certainly been no such "conversion" or "usurpation." Mr. Harrison states his case, which in its practical drift is that of the Liberation Society, with great ability; but we are left to desiderate in his argument a fuller exposition of how far the process of disestablishment is to be carried, and what securities are to be found, consistent with the maintenance of religious liberty, that those incidents of an Establishment which he denounces as civilly prejudicial—and "this great issue must be decided by politicians on strictly political grounds"—might not be reproduced or even aggravated, sooner or later, in "a free Church."

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

II.

THE arrangements made for the reception of the crowd which at ten o'clock on the first day of public exhibition rushes to the doors of the Royal Academy are more curious than satisfactory. It is ingeniously contrived that the mass shall break itself up into two divisions in the entrance hall, one seeking to deposit umbrellas on the left, the other searching for change or catalogues on the right. This may be all very well, but the subsequent meeting of the two divisions pressing their way upstairs is not so well; and confusion is worse confounded by the presence of an opposing stream of people who have mounted the stairs but have not provided themselves with change, and are coming down again in an unhappy condition to seek it. It may seem trivial to dwell on such matters as these, but one cannot help thinking that the flurry and impatience thus produced are not conducive to an artistic frame of mind. When one has escaped these dangers and sufferings and reached the first gallery, the attention is, as we last week said, forcibly drawn to Mr. Millais's "Yeoman of the Guard" (52), but it is not likely to rest there with any great pleasure. The fact of the picture being by Mr. Millais is enough to warrant its possessing admirable technical qualities; and there is perhaps no other painter who could have dealt so boldly with the glaring mass of scarlet which fills the canvas. But, however much we may be struck with the painter's mastery of his mechanical means, it is difficult to believe that they have been well employed in producing so unpleasant an object as this scarlet costume, which is worn by a gentleman who looks supremely unhappy in it, and to whose face the painter has imparted a strangely disagreeable colour. It may be convenient to speak at once of Mr. Millais's other works instead of taking them in the order in which they occur in the rooms. Turning to "Yes," in Gallery No. V. (409), we find a young man in a caped Ulster coat with a travelling cap in his hand and an umbrella and portmanteau hard by, holding the hands of a girl in black, who looks up into his face, and has presumably just given him an

answer which will defer his journey. The girl's face has a strange and unlovely appearance of rouge and powder about it. In its expression there is a beauty from which the attention is unpleasantly distracted by the faithful rendering of the accessories of umbrella and portmanteau, which are not beautiful, and make the picture look as if it might be a magnified version of an illustration to a modern novel. It is no doubt a faithful representation of such a scene as might occur at any moment; but a painter of Mr. Millais's power might, one would think, be at more pains to elevate his subject. The same painter's landscape, "The Sound of Many Waters" (273), in Gallery III., represents a stream rushing down a valley to fall over a ridge of rocks which fills the foreground. The painting of this foreground is minute and masterly; but with the general effect of the picture it is difficult to be much pleased. The water is strangely hard, and seems in some parts to want motion. The picture is wanting in what may be called suggestiveness; it is a reproduction, for the most part accurate, of many things in nature, which do not seem to have aroused any imaginative feeling in the painter's mind. There is no such sense of sympathy with the varying moods of sky and stream as one may fairly look for in a landscape by a great painter. Mr. Millais is represented at the Grosvenor Gallery by three portraits (25, 26, 27) and an illustration of Hood's "Song of the Shirt" (28), in the West Gallery. The two portraits of the Countess Grosvenor and Lady Beatrice have the same chalky look which is observed in the girl's face in "Yes," and which has led to the not inapt remark that the artist seems to have used dentifrice instead of paint. The head of Lord Ronald Gower (27) is painted in a manner more masterly than either these or the "Stitch, Stitch, Stitch" (28), in which, again, there is a want of imaginative force.

The West Gallery at the Grosvenor Gallery is the most important in this respect, that one end of it is occupied with the works of Mr. Burne-Jones, a painter hitherto little known to the public. Mr. Burne-Jones, as we have already said, has taken a line exactly opposite to that which seeks for technical excellence before everything. He has aimed at the expression on canvas of high poetical emotion, and in some instances, in attaining this, he has sacrificed accuracy of drawing. His inspiration has come, it would seem, from various painters of a bygone age, among whom Sandro Botticelli has perhaps had the most direct influence on his work. It might be well if the painter had been content to follow the poetical instincts of an older school without adopting the eccentric drawing noticeable especially in hands and feet which belongs to the master we have named. But it is much to get a picture so full of expression in the highest sense as "The Beguiling of Merlin" (59), even though the figure of Vivien is utterly impossible. The scene is in the Forest of Broceliande, beneath the shade of a white hawthorn. Merlin, whom the painter has shown without the long beard generally associated with him, has just waked from sleep to watch, helpless, the woman who has beguiled him with his own enchantments, which, standing up in front of him, she reads and watches their effect the while. There would be much to admire in her face and attitude could one shake off the unpleasant impression caused by the false drawing of her figure. The attention centres, however, on Merlin's face, in which a variety of passion is caught with great power. The deep eyes tell with infinite tragedy how Merlin found himself in a tower fashioned "of air without any other thing, and, in sooth, so strong it is that it may never be undone while the world endureth." In the painting of the hawthorn bush Mr. Burne-Jones has shown that he is thoroughly capable of technical excellence, and it is a pity that he should not apply this capability to his figures. "The Days of Creation" (60) is a set of six pictures, with angels' figures, increasing from one to seven, holding the globe of the earth, in which, in the sixth of the series, the figures of Adam and Eve appear; here one grows weary of the ceaseless repetition of the same type of face—another method which the painter might have left with advantage to the old school. It must be said, however, that the type is one of considerable beauty, and there is something very pleasing in the scheme of colour. Of the figures which hang above—"Spes," "Temperantia," "A Knight," and "A Sibyl" (66)—the last is, to our thinking, the finest. It is unfinished, but in the pose and the arrangement of drapery the painter has caught much of antique beauty. "Venus's Mirror" (61) is a group of girls kneeling or standing round a pool which reflects back their figures with somewhat too great distinctness. In aiming at transparency the painter has overshot his mark, and made the reflections look like substantial figures without any water above them. Here, however, there is beauty of composition and colour; and we must hope that Mr. Burne-Jones may continue to paint and exhibit pictures containing more of his finer qualities and less of his eccentricities. Of pictures in the same school hanging near we may speak hereafter. Meanwhile, to see grandeur and beauty of imagination combined with fine execution unspoilt by any affectation, one need only turn to Mr. Watts's "Love and Death" (23) on the opposite wall. The tall figure of Death hung with solemn drapery passes sadly and majestically into a house, while the boy figure of Love tries vainly to bar his progress. The design is charged with a noble pathos, and the execution is worthy of it. The same room at the Grosvenor Gallery contains certain productions of Mr. Whistler to which reference was made last week. Mr. Whistler has chosen to christen these "Nocturnes," "Arrangements," and "Harmonies"; and he has certainly done wisely in thus suggesting that they are anything rather than pictures. We are asked to accept as a representation—it is not called a

portrait—of Mr. Irving as Philip II. a long, smudgy, black figure, standing on nothing, with indistinctly shadowed hands, above which appears a ghostly head peering painfully through the surrounding gloom. The two frames which hang on each side of this contain certain marks of paint which also are presumably intended for portraits, though one is called "An Arrangement in Brown" and the other "A Harmony in Amber and Black." They have, however, apparently no legs or feet, and they are enveloped in the same smoky and smoky atmosphere which surrounds the phantom of Mr. Irving. Below these are four canvases called "Nocturnes," three of which are covered with blue of a delicate and pleasing tone on which are black marks and gold or silver dabs that stand for boats, bridges, and lights. This style of art, which is the very quackery of painting, would appear to be singularly easy, although it is said to be the result of infinite pains. It would not call for any detailed notice but that Mr. Whistler has proved in his etchings that he is capable of serious artistic efforts. Even in these strange follies one may discover evidence that the hand which produced them is far from being without cunning. Mr. Whistler, however, has deliberately chosen to affect these monstrous eccentricities, secure of admiration from a clique which prides itself upon possessing artistic perceptions too fine for common understanding. And as long as misguided people can be found to go into ecstasies over "Harmonies in Smudge," so long, we suppose, will Mr. Whistler go on producing them.

Returning to the Royal Academy, we find in the first room Mr. Oulless's "Portrait of Miss Ruth Bouverie" (13), which is not one of the painter's happiest efforts. He seems to have aimed at the delicacy and brightness of Gainsborough, but the result is cold and hard. Mr. Dicksee's "Harmony" (14) is a mediæval scene; a girl playing an organ, while a young man, evidently much in love, leans towards her with a rapt expression. The light comes in through a painted window, across the lower part of which is drawn a crimson curtain. Both in drawing and colour there is much excellence, and possibly the conventional aspect of the whole thing may be only a sign that the painter has been wise enough to assure himself that he can walk before attempting to run. Mr. Marcus Stone's "Sacrifice" (51) suffers much from being hung next to Mr. Millais's overpowering "Yeoman of the Guard"; and to this fact may perhaps be set down the unreal look of the flame consuming the letter which the graceful girl, who is the chief figure, burns. Near this is a bright and pleasant sketch called "After a Gale: Seaford Bay" (55), by Mr. W. H. Mason. Mr. Walter C. Horsley has two pictures (44, 62), in the second of which, "The Hour of Prayer on Board a Turkish Ironclad," there is considerable reality, which is carried too far in the accurate representation of a pair of shabby boots just taken off, and lying close to the porthole of a big gun, around which sailors are grouped in prayer. Mr. Pettie's "Haunted Down" (28), a half-naked Highlander leaning, sword in hand, against a rock, is somewhat hard and theatrical, and is far inferior to the same painter's "A Sword and Dagger Fight" (203), in Gallery No. III., which is full of vigour and animation. In this two adversaries, one clothed in deep black, the other in white satin, relieved with a touch or two of pink, are engaged in a conflict which is evidently deadly. The glare of the man in black, seen over his guard, is fiendish, but has no terror for the other, behind whom lies a dead snake, possibly emblematic of the coming result. There is great dramatic force in the picture, and the textures of the dresses are admirably painted without being too obtrusive. The last picture in the first room, "The Old Pump-Room, Bath" (69), by Mr. G. A. Storey, is singularly pleasant and pretty. Mr. Storey has given to his picture an excellent effect of atmosphere; and in the groups which fill his spacious room there are many touches of delicate humour. The people are full of animation and gaiety; in the centre a lady just stepping out of her chair is clearly looking forward to joining the throng, receiving admiration and hearing the latest gossip. In the right-hand corner a tiny little girl, following the universal fashion, administers some of the water to her doll. The colour is quiet and pleasant to look on. We must only regret that Mr. Storey has not given more finish to many of his faces, which are merely indicated instead of painted.

RACING AT NEWMARKET AND CHESTER.

WHEN the race for the One Thousand Guineas was run on the Ditch mile, it was proverbially one of the most uncertain events of the season; and now that the course is changed to the Rowley mile its character remains unaltered. In consequence a large field may generally be looked for; for, in proportion as the issue of a race is doubtful, the number of the competitors increases. Owners do not care to expose their horses to certain defeat, and when a race is, or seems to be, absolutely at the mercy of one particular animal, or of two or three out of a large entry, the opposition becomes contracted within narrow limits. Here and there an owner may run his horse on the off-chance, or because he likes to see his colours represented in the race; but, as a general rule, more practical considerations carry the day. The money prizes for the second and third in a race are seldom worth taking into account, nor is it often possible to support a horse for a place for a stake which in this mercenary age is deemed satisfactory. To run second in a big race, especially in a big weight-for-age race, is therefore not only a barren honour, but one which

is frequently attended with disadvantages. The second in the Two Thousand or the Derby is not forgotten by the handicappers, and if an outsider happens to run into either of those positions the cry is forthwith raised that a Cesarewitch or a Cambridgeshire has been thrown away. The horse's merits have been unnecessarily exposed, and in grasping at a prize beyond his reach he has sacrificed other prizes which he would have had a fair chance of attaining. On this account, in proportion as handicaps have risen in favour—principally for the sake of the handsome profit that can be made out of them—weight-for-age races have gone down. Many of the old-fashioned events of this class, for which Newmarket used to be famous, are now nearly extinct; and even the historic races which still maintain their position and reputation by no means attract entries or fields in proportion to the increased number of horses in training. Many a good three-year-old is kept in his stable on the Two Thousand day for fear lest by some chance he should run well enough to attract the handicapper's notice, though not well enough to win; and even this year there was a sort of chorus of lamentation over Brown Prince and a big handicap thrown away. We do not think, however, that the running in the One Thousand is watched by handicappers with equal care. The race, as we have said, is looked on as one of the most untrustworthy, as well as the most uncertain, of the year; and the only thing in connexion with it about which it is safe, four years out of five, to make up one's mind, is that the form will be assuredly upset later in the season. Hence, as on the one hand nearly every filly that happens to be fit and well on the day possesses something more than an outside chance, and on the other the attainment of second or third place furnishes no proof of superior racing merit, there is more than one inducement to owners to send their representatives to the post. And this year there was an extra inducement, because both Lady Golightly and Palm Flower, two of the most prominent public performers of last season, were understood either to have lost their form or to be unfit to run at the present time; and, indeed, Lady Golightly had been withdrawn two days earlier from the Two Thousand, for which her owner considered she had no chance. Accordingly no fewer than nineteen runners came to the post on the One Thousand day, the field including, in addition to Lady Golightly and Palm Flower, such fair second-class fillies as Helena, Miriam, Dee, Plaisante, and Morgiana, whose performances will be found recorded in the *Calendar*, but are hardly worth enumerating in detail. Not one of these, however, finished in front, and only Lady Golightly came to the rescue of public form and succeeded in gaining the third place after a close finish with Belphebe and Lady Ronald. This pair a day previously would hardly have been ranked in the third class. Indeed, on the Tuesday in the First Spring week, Belphebe had been beaten in a canter by Tassel and Spiegelschiff, and Lady Ronald had finished behind Grey Friar. So, although every one was prepared for the victory of an outsider in the One Thousand, the surprise was not looked for from this quarter. How Lady Golightly has deteriorated was shown by her failing to get nearer than third to animals to whom last year she could have given two stone; and though she may perhaps do better at Epsom, she has evidently seen her best day. Palm Flower's case seems still worse, for she was never formidable at any part of the race. The Oaks now bids fair to be an uninteresting event, though a large field of mediocrities may assemble to compete for it. Placida, who at Lewes beat Chamant, Chevron, Shillelagh, Palm Flower, and Dee, seems far in advance of any three-year-old form yet shown by the fillies; but if any accident has happened to her, or if she too has experienced the fate that has fallen on Lady Golightly and others, then the Oaks will be as open a race as the One Thousand.

The general racing of the First Spring week was of the most ordinary character. Those old opponents Skylark and Coltness had yet another battle together, and this time the contest was over the Cesarewitch course. Skylark was giving 3 lbs., and Coltness, according to custom, took a long lead in the hope of cutting down his opponent. This lead he maintained to the bottom of the Abingdon hill, where Skylark closed with him, but, stumbling at the same moment, the race seemed lost. Coltness tired so much, however, up the hill that he could not retain his advantage, and Lord Falmouth's horse gradually wore him down and won a very creditable victory. The Prince of Wales's Stakes over the Rowley mile fell to Tassel, the One Thousand fillies Spiegelschiff and Belphebe occupying second and third places. The gallop seems to have agreed with Lord Hartington's filly better than with Lord Zetland's; for in the One Thousand, as we have seen, she left Spiegelschiff far behind. It is worthy of notice that on the Two Thousand day the French horses won four races in succession, including the great event of the week. We fear these repeated victories will increase the jealousy shown towards foreign-bred horses by a considerable number of English sportsmen; and if Chamant makes a clean sweep of the great prizes—which really seem well within his reach—Lord Falmouth's resolution is likely to meet with influential support in October. Unfortunately, the important aid given by French horses to the national sport, and especially to sport at Newmarket—which without their existence would too often be tame indeed—seems to be overlooked.

If all the horses whose presence at Chester had been anticipated only a week ago with no little confidence had duly presented themselves, the race for the Cup would have been worthy of its past reputation. The meeting of six handicap horses like Hampton, Woodlands, Footstep, Snail, Umpire, and John Day, would not only have been interesting in the highest degree, but in addition

various disputed points as to the relative merits of these old antagonists would have been decisively settled. Every one of the six had substantial claims to support. Hampton won the Goodwood Stakes last year, and started first favourite for the Doncaster Cup, though opposed by Craig Millar, Controversy, Bersagliere, and Charon. Woodlands ran second to Rosebery in the Cesarewitch, and to Footstep in the Liverpool Cup, and was weighted very favourably in the Chester Cup as compared with Lord Wilton's mare. Umpire was a good fourth in the Cesarewitch, Snail ran respectably in the Goodwood Stakes and won the Ayrshire Handicap, and John Day showed good form on several occasions, notably in the Jockey Club Cup at Newmarket, for which he ran second to Braconnier and beat Hophloom, Nougat, and Craig Millar. This season also five of the six have already distinguished themselves. Hampton, it is true, has gained his victory over hurdles, but the idea once prevalent that a horse trained to jump is of no more use for flat racing has been constantly refuted by the experience of late years. Footstep won the Lincolnshire Handicap—the first great race of the year—from a brilliant field, and Snail was a good fourth and might have been second in the City and Suburban. Umpire carried off two Queen's Plates at the Curragh—the first, according to the official report, "in a canter by any number of lengths"—and John Day won the Great Metropolitan, showing by the game way in which he finished that he was quite competent to take his part in long-distance races. The presence of these six candidates would have quite revived the fortunes of the Chester Cup; but, unfortunately, on the very eve of the race the prospects of an exceptionally strong field were blighted. First, the withdrawal of Umpire was announced, and almost immediately after the scratching of the two leading favourites, Woodlands and Hampton, followed. When Umpire, Woodlands, and Hampton had disappeared from the scene, there remained only a field of the stamp to which we have been accustomed of late years at Chester. The presence of Snail, Footstep, and John Day just helped to raise it above the level of insignificance; and, with the assistance of Pageant and Clonave—two very old hands at the business—of Collingbourne, Skotzka, and Newport, and of a couple of light weights, ten starters were mustered at the post. According to public running, the race looked a match between Snail and Footstep; and it was surprising that Skotzka, who made twelve unsuccessful attempts last season to attract the judge's notice, should have occupied the position of second favourite. A five-year-old, however, with only 6 st. 4 lbs. to carry, must surely have a chance, if it can gallop at all, especially on such a course as Chester, where a real racehorse is constantly bothered by the turns, and where accidents and disappointments are perpetually happening. With only ten runners, there were probably fewer disappointments than usual last Wednesday; but Footstep did not seem at all to understand the advantages of taking the inner circle, while John Day's experience on the zigzag Metropolitan course stood him in good stead, and made him quite at home at the turns. But for his 10 lbs. penalty, indeed, John Day would very nearly have secured the prize; but the weight stopped him at last, and old Pageant won easily at the finish, Snail being a moderate third, and Footstep being beaten off. Collingbourne was fourth; but he, too, is an awkward horse at the turns, and at every one he lost ground. Pageant's victory was a surprise, for he was well beaten in the Northamptonshire Stakes, and at Newcastle last year Snail defeated him easily. Mr. Grettton's horse, however, is very uncertain in his form, and every now and then, after a series of unsuccessful performances, takes it into his head to run well. But, after all, there is nothing very brilliant in a six-year-old, with only 7 st. 10 lbs. on his back, beating a moderate field; and Pageant was fortunate also in being ridden by Glover, who has been particularly successful at Chester, and who thoroughly understands the peculiarities of the course.

REVIEWS.

BAKER'S TURKEY IN EUROPE.*

COLONEL BAKER has written a volume which at the present moment will be read with keen interest. He attempts to give a picture of Turkey in Europe as it is now, and to trace the history of the changes through which it has passed. It is a very difficult task; for the different portions of Turkey in Europe are so widely apart from each other in history, climate, traditions, religion, and manners, that each has to be learnt and studied separately. For fulfilling this task Colonel Baker possesses many qualifications. He has had some acquaintance with Turkey since the time of the Crimean War, when he was with his regiment at Constantinople. In 1874 he made a tour through Bulgaria on both sides of the Balkan, and since then he has purchased and resided on a farm near Salonica. It is not often that we can get any one to describe a country to us which he has studied with the eyes of a soldier, a traveller, and a farmer; and it is an unusual proof of confidence in the Turkish Government that one of its English partisans should be willing to invest his money and spend his life in its dominions. In many ways Colonel Baker may be

said to be exactly the man to go to European Turkey. When he travels he sees with his own eyes, and does not merely find confirmation of what he has read and heard before. He is a geologist, a sportsman, and a practical agriculturist. He is completely free from religious fanaticism, and recognizes virtue when he sees it in Christians and Mahomedans alike. He has worked up with diligence and recapitulated with brevity and distinctness all that he could learn as to the ethnology, migrations, conquests, and defeats of Bulgarians, Greeks, Turks, Albanians, Servians, and Montenegrins. For the pains he has taken his readers ought to be properly grateful to him. He has put together all the facts he could collect as to the educational, judicial, financial, military, and naval systems of Turkey, and shows how many excellences they all possess theoretically, and the navy possesses practically. Of all that he speaks of from personal knowledge he is a trustworthy witness, calm, shrewd, and impartial. Of all that he speaks of from historical and other printed documents he is a trustworthy compiler, intelligent, concise, and rapid. But one reservation must be made in noticing the merits of his publication. When he speaks neither from documents nor personal knowledge, he seems to know very little, and to speak with a positiveness quite out of proportion to the amount of his data. He tells us, for example, that the Bulgarian massacres are to be looked on as something quite exceptional—a lamentable mistake generated by panic. But it is evident that he does not know nearly so much about the Bulgarian massacres as most people do in England who have studied the documents published by the English Government. Bad as the massacres were, they were not, perhaps, so indicative of the thoroughly rotten, cruel, and immoral character of the Turkish Government as the proceedings that followed them—the mock trials, the discountenancing of merciful Mahomedans, the suppression of Christian evidence, the rewarding of miscreants. Over all these things, which showed what the Turkish Government really is like, Colonel Baker passes in silence. It may be thought strange that an Englishman residing in European Turkey should not have had his attention directed to them. But where Colonel Baker has resided is eight miles from the seaport of Salonica; and an Englishman residing near Salonica no more knows of what is going on at Philippopolis than he knows of what is going on at Erzerum. Vague rumours may have reached Colonel Baker; but he has a standing disposition to accept the Turkish official account of everything if he has no means of checking what he is told, and, having been informed that the massacres were to be looked on as a momentary mistake, he seems to have acquiesced at once in the statement. He had, in fact, other things to think of. A man who farms in Turkey has opportunities of learning some things which Englishmen at home cannot know; but, on the other hand, his attention is necessarily concentrated on matters which concern him very nearly but are not of general importance. Farmers cannot allow themselves to be absorbed in the interests of humanity; and what filled the mind of Colonel Baker with sorrow and vexation was not the sufferings of the Bulgarians, but the dismal state of the road leading from his estate to the coast, which the Turkish Government had allowed, in the most unwarrantable manner, to go totally out of repair.

The most interesting part of Colonel Baker's work is that which refers to Bulgaria. He travelled through the most important part of the country, and the peasants on his own estate are among the Bulgarians who have become, from proximity to the Greek settlements, in some measure Grecized, and talk Bulgarian for domestic purposes, but Greek for social purposes. To the Bulgarians, both individually and as a nation, he does ample justice. He highly estimates their good qualities, and although he cannot believe that a people who in 1874 showed so many signs of prosperity could be properly called oppressed, yet he owns that they had something to complain of. The Finnish origin of the Bulgarians, their absorption into the pre-existing Slave community, the intrigues practised against them by the Greeks after the Turkish conquest, their gallant assertion of ecclesiastical independence, their passion for education, their dislike of Russia, and their patient acceptance of Turkish rule until last year, are matters which are set forth by Colonel Baker with clearness and vigour, but which are too familiar to demand special notice. There can be no doubt that, however much Bulgaria has been misgoverned, it has in the last quarter of a century made astonishing strides in material well-being and in popular education. The great fault Colonel Baker has to find with the Bulgarians is their punctual observance of the endless fasts and feasts of their Church, which condemn them to spend nearly half the year in idleness. The Russian peasant labours under the same disadvantage, and in both cases the cause and remedy of this idleness are the same. So long as the population is scanty in proportion to the agricultural resources of the country, labourers will, at the bidding of their priests, pass half the year doing nothing. With the increase of cultivation comes an increase of population, and at last the pressure of population makes men work throughout the year. It is a great pity that the Bulgarian or any other Church should elevate idleness into a religious duty; but the error will be rectified by economical causes and not by theological changes. Perhaps the trait in the Bulgarians which most strikes Colonel Baker, and which is most reassuring as to their future, is their strong tendency to national cohesion. In this they are the exact opposite of the Greeks. Every Greek intrigues and works for himself. The Bulgarian never forgets the body to which he belongs. Colonel Baker mentions one educational establishment comprehending students of

* *Turkey in Europe.* By James Baker, R.A., Lieutenant-Colonel, Auxiliary Forces; formerly 8th Hussars. London: Cassell, Petter, & Galpin. 1877.

different nationalities, in which it was observed that the great aim of the Bulgarians seemed to be that each should help the other, so that the whole mass might make progress. And the popular feeling, until lately, seems to have been that the best thing to hope for was that Bulgaria should grow and thrive under Turkish protection. Even last year there never was, in the opinion of Colonel Baker, anything approaching to a Bulgarian insurrection. This appears to be the opinion also of all who are best informed on the point, and it adds the last touch of infamy to the Turkish Government that cruelties which no rebellion could justify should have been practised on people who never actually rebelled at all. The truth appears to be that the Bulgarians, up to last year, were misgoverned enough to make them feel, but not enough to make them rebel, and they owed and entertained much gratitude to the Turks for having secured to them their ecclesiastical independence. Colonel Baker is always just when he speaks of what he knows or has seen. He describes with indignation the instances he has witnessed of the arrogance of the Mahomedan towards the Christian population; the quiet despair with which the Bulgarians acquiesced in wrong and robbery when the wrongdoer was a Turk; the faulty land system which perpetually hampers the labourer for the benefit of an absentee proprietor; the oppressive system of taxation; the perpetual denial of justice, through the exclusion of Christian evidence. Nor does he merely speak of these things with impartiality, but he notices some of the strange obstacles which make the Turks pause whenever they think of trying to govern better. Not only do Turks proclaim paper reforms, but some of them actually think whether it would not be possible to carry them out. The Turkish Government cannot think the plan of farming the taxes a good one; for the Government gets much less than the peasants pay, as three, or even four, intermediaries have each to make a profit. But it has not been able to change the bad system, as, directly it tried to collect the taxes through its own officials, it found that its officials were so universally corrupt that they were bribed by the peasants not to collect what was due, and the State got even less than it got by farming the taxes.

As to the governing race, however much we read and inquire, we always come back to two main facts, which are as clearly brought out in Colonel Baker's book as in the utterances of every dispassionate observer. The first is that the ordinary humble non-official Turk is a very good sort of creature, sober, industrious, contented with one wife, but procrastinating to an irritating extreme, and having the merits and demerits of fatalistic submissiveness. The other is that Turkey did reform for a time. It started from something so excessively bad that to say that it reformed is not saying much; but still for a half-century previous to the accession of Abdul Aziz things got better. There was more order, a little more justice, a good deal larger revenue, and some thought for education. The reign of Abdul Aziz was a period of backsliding. The ruling caste went very much astray, demoralized by foreign loans more than by anything else. Corruption reigned supreme and unchecked. The philosopher who, hearing of a social calamity, asked speculatively, "Who is the woman?" would have found his philosophical theory justified by the history of the recent social calamities of Turkey. There was a woman, and the woman was the Sultan's mother. The domestic affection of polygamists appears to be concentrated in the relations which bind together the mother and her offspring; and in Mahomedan countries it is much more frequently the mother of the Sultan than the reigning favourite who turns her position to profit. Filial devotion laid Abdul Aziz so completely prostrate at the feet of his mother that the astute adventuress had a finger in every pie, and a percentage on every transaction. Everything began, continued, and ended in bribery, and the consequence was that reforms died out, and that a set of scheming extortioners each had his little day at the expense of the suffering provinces. The bondholders supplied the money for which the intriguers scrambled; nor was that the only way in which the country was injured by the influx of foreign money. Every one took to gambling, and to speculate in the funds became the occupation of those who might have been expected to prize their position as landholders. Colonel Baker informs us that he has known several cases of landowners who have been forced to sell their patrimonies, or to starve the estates they nominally retained, because they had lost their fortunes in the gambling of the Stock Exchange. Vexatious, therefore, as the cessation of payment of interest has been to the foreign bondholder, it has been the only possible mode of moral salvation to the Turks. They have been driven by bankruptcy into repentance, and, according to Colonel Baker's views, would be only too glad to recur to the path of reform if the chance could be given them. What is wanted is, as Colonel Baker thinks, that time should be allowed to the Turk to show his concealed capabilities of improvement. Under present circumstances, it is not worth while to spend much time or trouble in discussing the arguments for or against a remote possibility.

Colonel Baker, as we have said, possesses two special qualifications for writing a book on European Turkey. He is a soldier and he is a farmer; and all that he says on war and agriculture is marked by experience, thought, and good sense. He was expecting, when he wrote, that a war with Russia would be the upshot of the diplomatic struggles, and he set himself to think how Turkey could best defend itself. While allowing that Russia can bring 400,000 real soldiers into the field, he does not think that Turkey can get together more than 100,000 regular troops in Europe; and even when irregular forces and recruits are

added, he cannot make the total higher than 260,000. He therefore considers it impossible to defend the line of the Danube; and, although the Turks may delay the Russians in crossing the Balkans, he does not think that the passage can be prevented. His suggested plan is, therefore, that Turkey should attempt to hold nothing on the north side of the Balkans except Schumla and Varna, while the real stand should be made on the south side, in two great entrenched camps, one at Bourgas, a seaport south of the Balkan line, and the other at or near Adrianople. As a military combination this may be as good as any that could be suggested; but, when we study the details of Colonel Baker's calculations, we soon find how speculative are the figures on which he relies. He reckons that Russia, out of 400,000 men, would have to keep 100,000 in reserve; that 100,000 would be left to mask the fortresses north of the Balkans; and that of the 200,000 that passed the Balkans, 100,000 would be unavailable, either through losses or disease. When we learn that losses and disease are supposed to sweep away a force equal to the whole Turkish regular army, while that army is left intact, we can only say that this may be so, and it may not. To farmers, or rather to that very limited number of farmers who are willing to risk their fortunes in European Turkey, Colonel Baker speaks wise words of instruction, warning, and comfort. He begins by the pithy statement that an English settler and capitalist has before him the choice between two courses. He may follow the local system of farming, or he may introduce a new system of a better kind. If he takes the first course, he will never make money; if he takes the second course, he will very probably lose all the money he has. Still, farming in Turkey, and especially in the plains of Macedonia, offers an inviting prospect to a man of exceptional sense and luck. If such a man follows Colonel Baker's prudent advice, he will spend a year in the country looking about him and learning the ways of the people before he risks a shilling. If he then purchases well, he will get an estate, with farm-buildings already erected on it, at the moderate cost of 3*l.* to 4*l.* an acre. He will have land that will grow anything; adjacent mountains to give summer pasturage; cheap, if not very abundant, labour; and a population which is very stupid, very much inclined to cheat him, and only capable of very gradual improvement, but still willing, patient, and, so far as the Church will permit, laborious. His taxes will not be oppressive; his life and property will be tolerably safe; and his roads will be execrable. If such a man starts with these advantages and disadvantages, Colonel Baker calculates that he may, with a capital of 10,000*l.*, make a profit of 2,000*l.* a year, and that in twenty years he will be able to sell his estate for five times as much as he gave for it.

As a traveller Colonel Baker inserts the usual traveller's stories to give variety and relief to his statistics and his discussions. There are many of our old friends and old familiar details brought on the scene. There is the English country servant, who is always cheerful and handy, and who, although acquainted with no language but his own, can converse pleasantly with the natives by sheer force of good humour and a general wish to be pleased. There is the native servant, with a wonderful bed which always comes to pieces in the middle of the night. There are visits to consuls, pashas, and monks. There are pages about insects, and how they bit Colonel Baker; and about washing apparatuses, and how little water Colonel Baker found in them. There are two sporting scenes, in which Colonel Baker, too sure of his reputation to need to boast, recounts how he at one time killed a single deer, and at another slid down a precipice. If all these tiny incidents of travel do nothing else, they lighten the book and make us acquainted with the writer, and enable us to recognize in him a man who, if he is bitten and does not get his wash, likes to vent his natural feelings, but who is always cheerful and on the alert, seeks information from every one, can estimate the capabilities of soil, and enjoy with unaffected pleasure the beauties of scenery. Without this interspersing of personal talk the book might have been too elaborate to be popular; but, as it is, the ordinary reader, while occupied with anecdotes of fleas and cigarettes, will find himself agreeably decoyed into learning something worth knowing about Turkey. Colonel Baker also sometimes strews the arid paths of discussion with the flowers of stories which have the high merit of being both good and new. With two of these we may end our notice. Colonel Baker asked a British missionary to the Turkish Jews if he had made any converts. He replied cautiously that he could not say that he had. Colonel Baker pushed for a more precise reply, and asked how many converts his friend actually had at that moment. "I cannot say that I have any," was the answer; "but Miss W—— has one at Cairo." On another occasion Colonel Baker was informed by an American merchant that he knew a place in Macedonia where gold stuck out of the rock, and that he had cut off a piece of solid gold three inches long and as thick as his thumb. "I felt inclined," Colonel Baker goes on to say, "to address the man as I once heard one American say to another who had just been drawing the long bow—'Sir, I have no doubt you are speaking the truth, and that's a fact; but if I was to meet you in New York, walking down the Fifth Avenue, arm in arm with Ananias and Sapphira, I should take you all to be of one family, that I should.'"

SYMONDS'S RENAISSANCE IN ITALY.*

AT an unhappy moment in the history of the United States a patriot was moved to say that Columbus might have employed his time much better in some honest trade than in the discovery of America. After reading Mr. Symonds's *Revival of Learning*, the second volume of his *Renaissance in Italy*, one is tempted to think that the Humanists might have been better engaged than in the discovery of the ancient world. Mr. Symonds has been moved by gratitude to write the history of the Italian worthies "who recovered for us in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the everlasting consolations of the Greek and Latin classics." Gratitude, too, is the feeling which the readers of Mr. Symonds's work must cherish towards him. He has waded through amazing expanses of the dullest, the dirtiest, the most tedious literature, through weary regions of bad Latin verses, through a wilderness of letters and amatory poetry, and has compressed the result of his search into a goodly, but still a handy, volume. He has noted the essential facts of a complicated movement; he has not shrunk from repeating what most instructed people know already—the greatest of trials to an ingenious writer—and he has compressed his sketches of the most attractive characters into narrow space. Thus he has found room for a serious and comprehensive judgment of the Humanists, and we are compelled to doubt whether the shades of these worthies will feel as grateful to Mr. Symonds as his modern readers ought to do. He has extenuated nothing; he has given the good and the bad; and the picture, on the whole, is one of the saddest, one of the most humiliating, in the whole history of literature. Of course no one can seriously regret the discovery of the "everlasting consolations"; but it is not flattering to human nature that consolation had to be bought so extremely dear—at the cost, that is, of the organized corruption of society, and the deliberate and acknowledged choice of abominable lives.

Mr. Symonds's first volume, *The Age of the Despots*, explained, as far as explanation of these things is possible, the reason why culture grew up in Italy like a poisonous flower. Italian society, in short, was deeply tainted with the shames of the tyrannous life, not less deadly in the Italy of the middle ages than in the Greece of Aristotle. Pleasure, we may say, had so long been the neighbour of cruelty and of evil, that even when pleasure rose to new heights of studious enjoyment, the old contagion clung to it. Even without the revival of letters, Italian society was corrupt; but it was tragical, indeed, that all the life of the revival, in its nature so goodly and excellent a thing, should be polluted by the legacy of "selfish tyrants, vicious clergy, and incapable republics." Mr. Symonds's new volume is occupied with the setting forth of this tragedy, which, we may say with confidence, has never before been produced in so striking a manner. After a prologue, in which the darkness, as far as classical learning went, of the ages before Dante is described, Mr. Symonds brings in the figure of Petrarch. Perhaps it may be urged that more of the classical spirit was always in life—Eros masquerading in mediæval garments as the *Deo d'Amor*—than Mr. Symonds's sketch would help his readers to guess. But with Petrarch the conscious recognition of the old world, as of a world of men, not of beings misty and magical, did truly begin. In him, too, as our author does not shrink from declaring, the irritable vanity, the unreality, the belief in the power of words, were faults as marked as they were in the movement which he commenced:—

Italian humanism never lost the powerful impress of his genius, and the value of his influence can only be appreciated when the time arrives for summing up the total achievement of the Revival. It remains to be regretted that the weaknesses of his character, his personal pretension and literary idealism, were more easily imitated than his strength. Petrarch's egotism differed widely from the insistent conceit of Filelfo and the pedantic boasts of Alciato. Nor did his enthusiasm for antiquity degenerate, like theirs, into a mere uncritical and servile worship. His humanism was both loftier and larger. He never forgot that Christianity was an advance upon Paganism, and that the accomplished man of letters must acquire the culture of the ancients without losing the virtues or sacrificing the hopes of a Christian. If only the humanists of the Renaissance could have preserved this point of view intact, they would have avoided the worst evils of the age, and have secured a nobler liberation of the modern reason.

In the history of Petrarch as a scholar the most touching moment is that in which he deplores his inability to read the manuscript of Homer which his pupil in humanism, Boccaccio, had procured for him. Mr. Symonds gives a sample of the Latin version of the *Iliad* by Leontius Pilatus, through which Petrarch had to discern, as best he might, the genius of the Greek epic. The lines are from the prayer of Lycaon to Achilles (*Iliad*, xxi. 82):—

Νῦν αὖ με τῆς ἐν χερσὶν ἔθηκεν
Μοῖρ' ὁλόη· μέλλω πον ἀπέχθεσθαι Δι' πατρί,
Ὅς με σοὶ αὖτις ἔδωκε· μνηνβάδιον δέ με μήτηρ
Γείνατο Λαοβόη, θυγάτηρ Ἀλταῖο γέροντος.

Here is the version which Boccaccio wrote out at the dictation of Leontius:—

Nunc iterum me in tuis manibus posuit
Fatum destructibile. Debeo odio esse Jovi patri,
Qui me tibi iterum dedit, medio cuique, me mater
Genuit Lathoi, filia Altai senis.

Among the scholars inspired by Petrarch few did more to spread abroad the taste for good Latinity than Salutato, who, as secretary

* *Renaissance in Italy: the Revival of Learning.* By J. A. Symonds. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1877.

to the Signory of Florence, took a pride in writing epistles, despatches, and even protocols, in the best Latin at his command. Ciceronian phrases became part of diplomacy—a service in which they can do little harm, and are not likely to be overworked by the task of expressing too much. A greater secretary was that Apostolic one, Poggio Bracciolini, whose account of hunts after MSS. in convent libraries Mr. Symonds translates with great humour. Quintilian, for instance, was found at S. Gallen in a terrible state for "a man magnificent, polished, elegant, urbane, and witty," now "right sad to look upon, and ragged like a condemned criminal, with rough beard and matted hair." Perhaps the most pleasant aspect of the Humanists is seen in this, their hunter stage, when they were following up every trail that could lead to a manuscript, and were setting free these brown and precious scrolls from their gaolers, the monks. It is easy to sympathize with the excitement of the chase, and with the enthusiasm of men who spent their lives and estates in redeeming the Romans and Greeks from damp garrets and cellars. Naturally the eager scholars could not be satisfied with the copyists in an age which, as Petrarch complained, examined cooks before permitting them to exercise their craft, but allowed any one who chose to call himself a copyist.

The appointment of Chrysoloras of Byzantium to the chair of Greek at Florence (1396) was a most important moment. That Greek should be taught was much; that it was taught at Florence made the town of Dante the mother-city of the Renaissance. It is to Florence that the main part of the praise of reviving letters is due, as becomes plain when Mr. Symonds analyses the services of various Italian towns:—"Florence discovers manuscripts, founds libraries, learns Greek, and leads the movement of the fifteenth century. Naples criticizes; Rome translates; Mantua and Ferrara form a system of education; Venice commits the literature of the classics to the press," though the first edition of Homer was printed in Florence. Out of all this industry, perhaps the aspect least familiar to English readers is the educational effort of Vittorino da Feltre. Italian youths were never sunk in the sloth and scholastic stupidity of Gargantua before he knew Ponocrates; but in Vittorino they found even a more admirable instructor than the ideal tutor of Rabelais. His life makes a sunshine in that exceedingly shady place, the chapter which is concerned with the abominable Beccadelli, and the scarcely less disgusting pedant Filelfo. The works of the former poet deserve, to alter Sir Thomas Browne, a place in no catalogue but that of Hell. The character of Vittorino is in amiable contrast:—

Wholly dedicated to the cares of teaching, and more anxious to survive in the good fame of his scholars than to secure the immortality of literature, Vittorino bequeathed no writings to posterity. He lived to a hale and hearty old age; and when he died, in 1446, it was found that the illustrious scholar, after enjoying for so many years the liberality of his princely patron, had not accumulated enough money to pay for his own funeral. Whatever he possessed he spent in charity during his lifetime, trusting to the kindness of his friends to bury him when dead. Few lives of which there is any record in history are so perfectly praiseworthy as Vittorino's; few men have more nobly realized the idea of living for the highest objects of their age; few have succeeded in keeping themselves so wholly unspotted by the vices of the world around them.

This is singular praise, especially when we remember that the infamous character of Poliziano made it impossible for the Medici to retain him as a confidential family tutor.

Not the least attractive part of Mr. Symonds's volume is formed by the series of portraits of distinguished scholars who are to the majority of readers but the shadows of names. One may regret that the large scope of the work makes it necessary that most of these portraits should be comparatively slight sketches. The idea recurs that Mr. Symonds might possibly have produced more permanent effects by "Studies" of the same dimensions as those of Mr. Pater. In this volume, for example, there is decidedly too little said about Giovanni Pico of Mirandola, possibly because his portrait has lately been drawn by another hand in a masterly style. We would willingly have heard more, too, about Aldus Manutius and the Aldine Academy, though, in that direction also, M. Didot has forestalled research. We grudge the space occupied by people like Ægidio Canisio, and even by a favourite of Mr. Symonds, and a pleasing versifier, Flaminio. Of pleasing versifiers the Renaissance had abundance, and nothing short of a catalogue can give all their names and defunct performances, which truly "can exhilarate no mortal." Happily Mr. Symonds has found room for the last of the Alexandrian Platonists, a man born out of due time, who should have lived in the society of which Plotinus was the Johnson, and Porphyrius the too brief, but delightful, Boswell. Gemistos Plethon was well worth the trouble of rescuing from the dust of libraries and the hands of the industrious Fritz Schultze, to whom Mr. Symonds owes the greater part of his facts about this philosopher. Born at Byzantium in 1355, Gemistos was attracted to the Moslem Court at Adrianople by Elissaios, a learned Jew. His religious education was mixed enough to have satisfied the eclectic Hebronius of *Spiridion*; and, in the midst of Islam, the Jew taught Gemistos "what then passed for the doctrines of Zoroaster." The pupil became a judge at Sparta, and had leisure to invent an ingenious and highly absurd theosophy, of which the chief feature was the mixture of formal logic with the theology of orthodox paganism. This promising ally of the Greek Church was sent to the Council of Florence, where he found himself a person of importance, and even gave Cosmo de' Medici the first idea of the Florentine Academy. From the visit of this belated mystagogue Mr. Symonds deduces the Platonic influence that in-

spired the devoted Massilio Ficino, and through him Reuchlin, Melancthon, and ultimately Germany and the world.

Humanism at Rome is a less pleasant spectacle than humanism at Florence. The flower was not native to the soil; learning was an exotic; and the erudite Pope Nicholas V. surrounded himself with the most abandoned of literary swashbucklers. The conduct of Filelfo and Poggio is as dreary as that classical duel of dirty words which Horace has thought worth recording. At the Court of Alfonso of Arragon the enthusiasm for learning seems more simple and pleasing:—

Beccadelli himself professes to have cured an illness of Alfonso's in three days by reading aloud to him Curtius's Life of Alexander. . . . His passion for the antique assumed the romantic character common in that age. When the Venetians sent him one of the recently discovered bones of Livy, he received it like the relic of a saint; nor could the fears of his physician prevent him from opening and reading the MS. of Livy forwarded from Florence by Cosmo de' Medici, who was then suspected of wishing to poison him.

Probably the most brilliant and attractive page of this volume is Mr. Symonds's sketch of the character of Lorenzo de' Medici, the epitome of his age. In no other part of this work are the good and the bad, splendid and lurid as they were, of the Renaissance brought so close together. Nowhere is the tragical connexion and conflict of passions worse than those of Paganism on one side, and, on the other, of a conscious life full of knowledge and insight, more plainly to be discerned:—

It was the duty of Italy in the fifteenth century not to establish religious or constitutional liberty, but to resuscitate culture. Before the disastrous wars of invasion had begun, it might well have seemed even to patriots as though Florence needed a Mæcenas more than a Camillus. Therefore the prince who in his own person combined all accomplishments, who knew by sympathy and counsel how to stimulate the genius of men superior to himself in special arts and sciences, who spent his fortune lavishly on works of public usefulness, whose palace formed the rallying-point of wit and learning, whose council chamber was the school of statesmen, who expressed his age in every word and every act, in his vices and his virtues, his crimes and generous deeds, cannot be fairly judged by an abstract standard of republican morality. It is nevertheless true that Lorenzo enfeebled and enslaved Florence. At his death he left her socially more dissolute, politically weaker, intellectually more like himself, than he had found her. He had not the greatness to rise above the spirit of his century, or to make himself the Pericles instead of the Pistratus of his republic. In other words, he was adequate, not superior, to Renaissance Italy.

It is impossible to follow all the story of declining power, of weakness shown in the frigid Christian poetry of Sannazzaro and Vida, no less than in the shamelessness of Fracastoro. There are moments when one is inclined to think that, for the author of a popular work, Mr. Symonds goes too minutely into the morbid pathology of the Renaissance. His book is not by any means suitable to be given as a school prize. No account of the period can be as complete as this is which omits that morbid and repugnant aspect. No English writer certainly has set forth so plainly the causes of the decadence of Italy, the absorption and exhaustion of the force that should have made her a nation, in pleasure, vice, and study, always voluptuous, often vicious. None has presented so fair a justification of Savonarola as the translator of Lorenzo's Carnival Hymn. It would be hard to match the completeness and appropriateness of the picture of Rome's punishment in 1527. The Spaniards came upon the rich and learned city, upon the students and delicate livers, with the ruthless cruelty of Oriental conquerors. In Mr. Symonds's abstract of Valeriano's dialogue *De Literatorum Infelicitate*, we seem to read of Assyrian, or of Turkish, rather than of European crimes. "Whatever vicious seeds had been sown in Italy by the humanists, had blossomed and borne fruit in Rome; and there the Nemesis of pride and insolence, and godlessness of evil living, fell upon them like a bolt from heaven." The sack of Rome is a dramatic *dénouement* of what was, as we have said, one long tragedy—the recovery of freedom of the human spirit, at the hands of men whose own spirits were somehow often ruined and degraded in the effort of emancipation.

Mr. Symonds's volume is perhaps even more successful in its effect as a whole than in the treatment of details. He has had often to repeat what was generally known, and he has overcome the natural disinclination to that task. His style, we venture to think, is improved by the absence of highly wrought and somewhat declamatory passages. Everywhere it is perfectly clear, and unfavourable criticism must limit itself to noting the too frequent use of well-worn figures. The torch of the lampadephoria might have been left unlit, the swan need not have chanted once more the death-song of classic poetry. Excellent as it is by itself as an addition to general culture, the volume will probably gain when read in its proper place, in connexion with the author's works on Italian art and Italian literature. We are rather inclined to this opinion because the full merit of *The Revival of Learning* hardly disclosed itself till we had finished the last page, and looked back on the whole argument of the criticism, which forms a well-proportioned work of literary art.

JOHN BUNCLE.*

"THE soul of Francis Rabelais passed into John Amory, the author of the life and adventures of John Buncle." So

* *The Life of John Buncle, Esq.* 2 vols. London. 1766.
Memoirs concerning the Lives of Several Ladies of Great Britain. London. 1769.

writes Hazlitt in the *Round Table*, and the phrase has been serviceable to Amory's memory. It forms one of those convenient labels which are regularly affixed to their wares by secondhand booksellers; and we doubt not that many persons have bought copies of *John Buncle* in the hope of finding that the spirit of the French humourist has retained his original vigour after the transmigration. They will be so far disappointed. Hazlitt, though often an acute and vigorous, is apt to be a very unsafe critic. He never allowed a pedantic regard for accuracy to hinder his use of an incisive phrase. The epigram in question is characteristic of the unscrupulous and slapdash method in which he sometimes indulged. It serves to mark certain peculiarities of John Buncle; and the reader of Hazlitt's essay may probably think that it is fairly supported by quotations. But, in fact, the alleged resemblance is of the most superficial kind. Amory, to go no further, was neither a humourist nor a satirist—a statement which may suggest the inquiry how there could be even an apparent likeness between him and his prototype. The answer is that buffoonery sometimes covers a very deep insight, and, on the other hand, is sometimes as shallow as it seems. The fools at whom our ancestors laughed might be keen satirists, wearing their motley as a protection, or simple innocents, whose absurdity would move the sympathy, instead of the smiles, of a more sensitive age. Rabelais's gigantesque merriment masks a most vigorous intellect. Poor Amory's exuberance of spirits conceals nothing, and, in fact, when we have read much of it, is apt to remind us unpleasantly of the delirious ravings of a light-headed patient. *John Buncle*, however, is one of those books into which we may fairly dip for amusement at odd hours. It is pleasant to pick it up in the window of an old-fashioned country inn or in a spare half-hour in some dusty library. "It is unnatural to laugh at a natural," says Fuller. "How can the object of thy pity be the subject of thy pastime?" Perhaps the aphorism should protect poor Amory; but we may console ourselves by remembering that our laughter can do no harm; he has been dead a long time, and his ghost is beyond the reach of ridicule.

Of Amory's life little is known. He was the son of Councillor Amory, who was Secretary for the forfeited estates in Ireland under William III. The author was living in London about the middle of the last century. He published the "Memoirs of Certain Ladies" in 1755, and the two volumes of *John Buncle* in 1756 and 1766. The last takes the form of an autobiographical novel, and probably contains some vague reference to the facts of his own life. In the "Memoirs" he promised to give some account of Swift, with whom he professes to have had much communication, and here and there he makes references to some minor celebrities of the day, especially to Toland and Pope's enemy, Curll, which would be curious if we could be in the least confident of their authenticity. Fiction and fact, however, are blended—if indeed there is any substratum of fact—too oddly to justify us in placing any dependence upon these statements. Meanwhile, if the facts of Amory's life are obscure, his character is sufficiently revealed in his writings.

The opening of *John Buncle* introduces us to Amory at Oxford, studying philosophy, history, mathematics, and the German flute. One fine day he starts before sunrise on a shooting expedition, and, finding himself hungry about nine in the morning, he spies a beautiful mansion, to which he immediately proceeds, having by the way to descend a precipice at the risk of his life. In the garden he finds a venerable gentleman and his daughter. The daughter, a young lady of exquisite beauty, appears surrounded by books and mathematical instruments, and reading a Hebrew Bible. The lovely Harriet Noel—such was the lady's name—gives Buncle a delicious breakfast, with "fine cream and extraordinary bread and butter." Her father retires, and he immediately informs the lady that he believes himself to be in love with her. She replies by deprecating idle compliment, and instantly asks his opinion as to the origin of the Hebrew language. The philosophical discussion which ensued is fully reported, and in the evening the excitable Buncle makes a second declaration of love. "Charmingangel," he says, "the beauties of your mind have inspired me with a passion that must increase every time I behold the harmony of your face, and, by the powers divine, I swear to love you as long as heaven shall permit me to breathe the vital air." Miss Noel delicately evades the subject by a discussion as to the history of the confusion of tongues, and Hutchinson's theories upon dialects of Hebrew. Such is her eloquence that, when she ceases, Buncle snatches the beauty to his arms, and imprints half-a-dozen kisses on her balmy mouth. This, he says, gave "very great offence"; but she forgives him, and he sings a song about "Almighty love's resistless rage." It is not surprising that Buncle is soon engaged to his Harriet; but we are a little taken aback when, in the very next page, Miss Noel dies of the small-pox.

Our surprise, however, is due to our ignorance of the amazing vivacity of Mr. Buncle's character. We soon become accustomed to such events. The performance is repeated no less than seven times in the course of the two volumes. To stumble upon a fine country house, to find in it a lady of exquisite beauty and amazing intellectual accomplishments, to marry her offhand, and bury her in the next page, is Buncle's regular practice. He finishes his career as soon as he begins it. He goes to see a certain Dr. Stainvil, who has a lovely wife. On his entering the room, Dr. Stainvil gives him a lecture on the use of the Spanish fly. As the lecture ended, the Doctor "dropt down dead at once." A rarefaction in his stomach, by the heat and fermentation of what he had taken the

night before at supper, destroyed him." Bunce, after indulging in some reflections upon Bishop Law's theory of the sleep of the soul after death, informs Mrs. Stainvil of her husband's death. After a "decent tribute of tears to his memory"—due, as it is observed, to a man who had left her all his property—the widow sent for Bunce next morning and proposed to marry him. He agrees, and the book leaves him possessed of a wife who makes him happier than he had ever been before, "which must amount to a felicity inconceivably great indeed." We can only hope that it lasted longer than his previous dreams of happiness.

Bunce is aware that his readers may be a little surprised at his facility in marrying. He replies very conclusively that it is impossible to lament a wife, for "a wife must be a living woman." When she is once dead she has no more to do with the world than if she had lived before the Flood. Moreover, as she is probably "breathing the balmy air of paradise," grief would be silly. And, finally, as Bunce had lost his father's estate for his religious peculiarities, and had nothing to depend upon but his industry, he thought it necessary to "gain the heart of the first rich young woman who came in his way, after he had buried a wife." It is not to be supposed, however, that he did not feel his repeated losses. On the death of one of his wives—to whom he had introduced himself on the previous page by suddenly jumping a *ha-ha*, and assuring her that he had loved her before he had seen her—he sat four days with his eyes shut. Indeed he would have died of grief had he not gone to Harrogate in order to forget his departed partner in the festivities of the place. His convivialities on this and other occasions are amazing and worthy of his friend the great Jack Gallaspy, who drank seven in hand—"that is, seven glasses so placed between the fingers of his right hand, that in drinking the liquor fell into the next glasses, and thereby he drank out of the first glass seven glasses at once"—who always smoked two pipes at once, one at each corner of his mouth, blowing the smoke out of both his nostrils; and whose other performances of a less respectable kind surpass all that Mr. Froude has told us of the Irish squires of the day. As he was not quarrelsome, and was generous with money, Mr. Bunce is of opinion that his good qualities may have procured him the mercy of Heaven. Bunce himself is wild enough on occasion. He loses in one night's gambling "all the thousands he had gained by his several wives." He once drank for a day and a night, with a party all naked, except that they had on breeches, shoes, and stockings; and in that time he consumed so much burgundy that "the sweat ran of a red colour down his body." He was so bewildered by his potations that, on riding out for a little air, he leapt his horse into a frightful quarry and was only saved by descending into a deep pool. "This is a fact," he adds, "whatever my critics may say of the thing. All I can say to it is, my hour was not come."

It may be said that we have gone some way to justify Hazlitt's comparison to Rabelais. There is indeed something Gargantuan in these tremendous feats of eating, drinking, and marrying. But the singular country houses upon which Bunce is always making his impromptu descents contain other things besides beautiful women and hospitable proprietors. Once, in the course of his rambles, he walks with his usual coolness into a stranger's house, and in the magnificent library discovers a skeleton leaning against a desk. An inscription said, "This skeleton was once Charles Henley, Esq." It had, as he observes, "a striking effect on his mind"; and the more so as its hand grasped a scroll of parchment upon which was inscribed a series of reflections upon the Day of Judgment. The reflections might be inserted without much incongruity in Hervey's Meditations or Blair's Sermons. They are in the ordinary style of conventional eighteenth-century rhetoric, now rather difficult to be consumed in any quantity. Of such material, however, there is so much in *John Bunce* that any one who opened the book at random would be far more likely to think that he had chanced upon a Unitarian treatise than a chapter of Rabelais. The wilder parts of England a hundred years ago were full, if we may trust *John Bunce*, of very singular institutions. In the remoter valleys of Yorkshire there were many communities which were about halfway between the Roman Catholic convent and the modern socialistic bodies. One consists of men, another of women, and a third of "married friars." Occasionally, too, a hermit is to be found living in a "wild and beautiful glin" (as Bunce always spells the word). Hermits, monks, and nuns, if they are so to be called, all agree in this remarkable circumstance, that they have been converted to Unitarianism from the errors of the Romish or English Churches, and take extreme pleasure in expounding their views at great length in the style of the meditation discovered in the skeleton's hand. Amory, in fact, seems to have sat at the feet of Chubb and Toland; he calls himself, like Tindal, a "Christian deist"; and it would appear that his brains had been much disordered, like those of Whiston, or poor mad Woolston, in the course of his really extensive theological reading, though we need not inquire whether the madness and the study are to be regarded as in any sense cause and effect. Anyhow his wives, like the members of these queer communities, are all ardent Unitarians; they compose deistic prayers; and rejoice Amory by their knowledge of Hebrew and their familiarity with the religion of Nature. One young lady in the "Memoirs," of the early age of eleven, proves to him the reality of space and time, and shows the bearing of her arguments upon the *a priori* proof of the unity of God. Those of riper years are equally intelligent, besides having acquired vast knowledge of Hebrew, English

literature, mathematics, and natural history. It may be remarked, in passing, that Amory is amongst the earliest and most ardent devotees of woman's rights, and the perfect intellectual equality of the sexes; though we fear that his authority will not be of much service to modern advocates of those doctrines.

The theological lucubrations which fill so large a part of *John Bunce* are not, as may be guessed, very lively reading. But his communities have a certain incidental interest of another kind. They are placed, as we have said, in the wild scenery of the North of England; and Amory might claim with some plausibility to be amongst the first discoverers of the beauties of the English lakes. His wanderings lie chiefly in the wild district of Stainmore, on the borders of Westmoreland, Yorkshire, and Durham. He tells us that some people hold the Vale of Keswick to be the "finest point of view in England." Its praise had already been sung by a Dr. Dalton in a descriptive poem (1755); but Bunce prefers as still more beautiful "the lake, the brooks, the shaded sides of the surrounding mountains, and the tuneful falls of water to which we came in Westmoreland." In all the world, he says, he knows no more glorious rural scene, and he has been in higher latitudes, North and South, than most men living. Unluckily Bunce's descriptions of scenery are in that queer style of stilted sentimentalism characteristic of his time, and heightened in his case by the absurdity which suggests the disturbing influences of a disordered brain. He finds inaccessible peaks, loftier than Snowdon or Cader Idris; he has to leap from rock to rock at the peril of his neck, down cliffs which no human foot has reached before. He finds himself hemmed in by stupendous cliffs, and escapes only by finding amazing openings through the rocks, from which he emerges upon the startled inhabitants of the lovely convents and country houses below, as in our days a traveller might cross a previously unexplored pass up the Alps. He is let down into deep "swallows" by a rope, and discovers marvellous caves or chambers in the mountains. There is apparently a vague relation to facts in all this. The descriptions read like the sick dreams of a man who has been visiting the wilder Yorkshire hills and examined some of the singular caves and "pots" characteristic of the limestone districts. But they are no more like the realities than the grotesque scenery in which Doré places his Wandering Jew resembles any region known to actual experience.

Amory's other book is of similar character, but with an even greater proportion of Unitarian theology. It will be enough to quote the title. It is called "Memoirs containing the Lives of several Ladies of Great Britain; a History of Antiquities, Productions of Nature, and Monuments of Art; Observations on the Christian Religion as professed by the Established Church and Dissenters of every Denomination; Remarks on the Writings of the Greatest English Divines; with a variety of Disquisitions and Opinions relative to Criticisms and Manners; and many Extraordinary Actions." The ladies mentioned seem to have had no existence outside of Amory's brain; and the "table of lives" prefixed to the second volume has apparently no relation whatever to the contents.

We have said that Amory's brain was obviously disordered. We have had the doubtful advantage of meeting a precise repetition of Bunce in real life, who was, unluckily, out of an asylum. His wild and whirling words reflected precisely the same strange mixture of theology with amatory fancies. A fantastic vanity which persuades a man that he has been the hero of marvellous love adventures, and is possessed of the only true philosophy, is not, we suppose, a rare phenomenon in men whose intellects are just tottering on the verge of sanity. Our ancestors were less particular than ourselves in accurately distinguishing the borders of reason and madness. Unless a man took to crowning himself with straw and declaring himself to be an emperor on a teapot, they held him to be sane enough for practical purposes. They hanged him if he committed a murder, and published his books if his mania took the literary instead of the homicidal form. It is to their leniency or weakness that we owe the *Life of John Bunce*, a book which nowadays would have been dated from Colney Hatch, or, more likely, suppressed by the care of relatives. Perhaps, indeed, it would be truer to say that we have succeeded in making even our madmen wear the strait-waistcoat of respectability instead of the material article, and that a modern Amory would write books equally absurd in substance, though with less superficial eccentricity.

KUMAON FOLK-TALES.*

TWO years ago Mr. Minaef, one of the professors in the University of St. Petersburg, visited India for the purpose of collecting Oriental MSS. He has not yet given to the world a full account of either his travels or his acquisitions. But while in Kumaon and Guriwal, where he spent three months, he made a collection of popular tales and legends, and of these he has now published a Russian translation. Of that picturesque Himalayan region he speaks in terms of high admiration, comparing it with Switzerland, but finding it still more beautiful. From Almora to Srinagar, and thence onwards for a considerable distance, he travelled on foot, and was delighted by the beauty of the scenery, the excellence of at least a part of the road, and indeed by everything

* *Indyiskiya skazki i legendy, &c.* [Indian Tales and Legends collected in Kumaon in 1875 by J. P. Minaef.] St. Petersburg. 1877.

except the want of good looks on the part of the women of the country, whom early marriage and a life of toil and privation render prematurely hideous. To an Orientalist who had hitherto studied the East in books alone, many of the little incidents of the journey were particularly attractive. One evening, for instance, when he had halted beside a fountain springing from the rocky cliff, the silence was suddenly broken by the voice of a singer, who turned out to be an old Brahman who was chanting as he walked verses from the Bhāgavata Purāna. "In sonorous Sanskrit poetry did he hold forth on cosmogony to me and to my bearers, who could not in the least understand him," says the traveller, who made friends with the old man, but could not obtain much information from him, inasmuch as he was half-witted; "but he spoke Sanskrit very fluently, and answered all questions by replies in Sanskrit verse, seldom answering amiss." Of the natives in general Mr. Minaef gives a good account, their disregard for truth probably not appearing a grave offence to Russian eyes. Amusing questions were often asked by them about his native land. "People in Gurhwal and Kumaon had heard of the existence of Russia and the Russian Tsar, but of the relations between our great country and Queen Victoria the simple-minded inhabitants of Srinagar have a very confused idea." They had heard also of an alliance by marriage having taken place between the two Powers; but they wanted to know whether the Tsar paid tribute to the Queen or the Queen to the Tsar. Some of Mr. Minaef's visitors at Srinagar had evidently been studying the Central Asian question, for "they asked whether it was true that the Russian Tsar had taken Kabul? Would he take Kabul soon? Of what use was Kabul to the Russian Tsar?" They asked also whether there were castes in Russia, and whether Russians would sit at table with English people, or refuse to do so like the Brahmins. Having had many opportunities of conversing with educated natives in other parts of India as well as in Kumaon and Gurhwal, Mr. Minaef is more than usually qualified to judge of their feeling towards the British Government. The following words of his, therefore, are well worthy of attention:—

The English have not pleased every one; everywhere in India there are people who bitterly dislike the Briton. But, whatever the discontented natives may say, every dispassionate observer must constantly see with his own eyes that the English on their side are constantly thinking about the needs and the good of the people, of course without forgetting their own needs and interests, and that for a long time to come English rule and English hegemony will be indispensable for India.

The stories and legends of which Mr. Minaef has now given a Russian translation were for the most part heard by him or received in writing from natives during his stay at Almora. He met with no professional storytellers, although he inquired after them wherever he went, nor was he able to make acquaintance with any of the old women who had a local reputation for their knowledge of popular tales. But, as he says, the Indian lives in an atmosphere of fable. The child who goes to listen to the instruction of the local pundit reads and hears nothing but tales; the fakir at the temple tells tales about some god or goddess; on a holiday pious folk make a subscription and invite a Brahman to read to them from the Harivansa or the Bhāgavata Purāna. "The greater part of them do not understand Sanskrit; but there is the Brahman to explain to them what is said in the sacred writings; and so the old literary material is constantly making its way into the minds of the people." The tales which Mr. Minaef found in Kumaon are of the usual kind, dealing with themes which are tolerably familiar. But what he calls the legends are somewhat peculiar. They are intended to be sung to a kind of drum or flute accompaniment, their monotonous and protracted chant reminding the Russian traveller of the ballads or metrical romances of his native land. At their exact meaning it is somewhat difficult to arrive; for they are extremely verbose and obscure. The stories, on the other hand, are sufficiently simple, some of them being abridged versions of tales occurring in the *Panchatantra* and other collections. In No. 2, for instance, we find the ingenious jackal which frightened away the lion by its braggart language; in No. 9, a Kumaon Alnaschar shakes his head when his imaginary children ask for food, and so breaks the pot on which his dream of success was based; No. 27 tells somewhat feebly the well-known tale of the Forty Thieves; and No. 45 is one of the numerous varieties of the Oriental history of King Lear and his youngest daughter. Magic implements play an important part in the stories. Fortunatus meets the supernaturally endowed beings who enable him to overcome all difficulties, and the dead are brought to life by means of the resuscitating fluid which so often figures in the tales of the East of Europe. More than once we meet with the story of "the giant who had no heart in his body," the Punchkin of *Old Deccan Days*, the Koschei the Deathless of Russian tales. One story—No. 10—tells how a Fakir carried off the wife of the youngest of a king's seven sons, and concealed her "beyond the seventh sea." Her husband and his six brothers went in search of her, but were turned by the Fakir into trees. The king's solitary grandson, when he grew up to man's estate, went in his turn to look for his father and his uncles, and came to the place where the magician lived. One day the youth, hiding in the sand by the seashore, saw the Fakir go down to the water-side. "All the water dried up. The Fakir went away, leaving his sandals behind him. Now all the strength of his magic lay in those sandals. The youth donned them and went to his aunt," the abducted princess. Having consulted with him, she extracted from the Fakir the

secret of his life. "On the shore of the sixth sea," he said, "there is a palace; and under the palace there is a hall of justice; and underneath it, below the ground, there is an iron cage, and in the cage is a parrot. If any one kills that parrot, then I shall die." And the youth laid his hands on the parrot, and by killing it put an end to the Fakir, who before dying breathed upon the seven trees and turned them back again into living men. In the other story—No. 46—a boy is handed over by his father in fulfilment of a vow to a Yogin who is a cannibal. The Yogin receives the boy kindly, and shows him all the rooms in his house but one. That "Forbidden Chamber" the boy enters during the Yogin's absence, and finds it full of bones. From them he learns what he must do in order to save his own life and restore theirs. After a time the Yogin returns, places butter in a cauldron, and sets it on a fire, and then tells the boy to walk round it in a circle. The boy pleads ignorance, and induces the Yogin to show him how to do so. But while the Yogin is stepping round the boy kills him with a knife, and throws his body into the cauldron. Out fly two birds, the one red the other black. The boy kills the red bird, and flings the black one into the cauldron. Having thus put an end to the Yogin, the boy finds in his house a gourd containing life-giving nectar, with which he brings back the dead bones to life.

Some of the tales are about the demons who, according to the natives, haunt every hill or tree. Thus in No. 4 a man goes into a wood and meets a Bhūt. At first it appears in the shape of a dog, and follows at his heels. Presently he hears a strange sound behind him, and becomes aware of a herd of swine chasing him. Having driven them off by throwing stones, he goes a little further and meets a lion. Having escaped from it by climbing a tree, he next meets a fair damsel. "Rejoicing thereat, he began to talk to her. He said much, but she kept silence. Presently they came to a bridge. She pushed him off the bridge, and he fell into the water. The poor fellow was all but drowned." According to Mr. Minaef, the Bhūts of Kumaon are frequently the souls of the dead, to whom worship is paid by the natives. The Rākshasas or demoniacal cannibals frequently occurs. Thus, in No. 42, a variant of the well-known "Right and Wrong" story, four Rākshasas devour a harmless demon of the Pisācha class. In No. 43 a king marries a Rākshasi, or female demon, who induces him to fling his seven other wives into a cavern, where hunger compels them to eat six out of their seven children. The seventh escapes, and eventually destroys the Rākshasi, discovering her life in a bowl at the house of her family, whither she has sent him with the intention of having him devoured there by her relations. Along with hers six other lives are found, each in its own bowl; just as in a Samoyed tale told by Castrén, seven brothers are in the habit of taking out their hearts every night and sleeping without them, which hearts are found and destroyed by the hero of the tale, who thus puts an end to the seven brothers. In No. 44 seven brothers go abroad, and after long journeying arrive at a town which is "all in ruins." There they take up their quarters in a palace, sleeping by night in a huge bed which holds them all. Through that palace there all day wanders a goat, which at night becomes a Rākshasi, and from time to time eats one of the brothers. Their number gradually decreases till at length only two are left. These survivors tie themselves together at night. One of the two suddenly awakes and finds the other being devoured by the Rākshasi, who thereupon takes the form of a fair damsel, and says that next day she will become his wife. At earliest dawn he runs away from his proposed spouse, but she follows him. He climbs a tree, and she sits at the foot and weeps. Presently up come a rajah's servants, to whom the man hands over his would-be wife in return for two lacs of rupees. So the Rākshasi is taken to the palace, where she proceeds to kill and eat all the birds and beasts in the neighbourhood. Perhaps the most eccentric of the stories of this class is No. 11. A Brahman received one day from a Bhūt a feather which enabled its bearer to tell what people had been in a previous state of existence. Now the Brahman was cursed with a quarrelsome wife. By the help of the feather he found out that he had previously been a tiger and she a dog. So he set aside his uncongenial wife, and chose another, in whom his feather enabled him to recognize an ex-tigress. After which his house became a happy home. The reason why the Bhūt gave the feather to the Brahman was this:—The demon was in want of a human body to eat; and, being fastidious, it did not wish to eat the body of a man who in a previous state of existence had been a beast. So it commissioned the Brahman to pick him out from among the heaps of corpses lying on a battle-field the body of a man. But, before sending him off on his quest, it gave him a feather to put on his head. The Brahman arrived on the field of battle, "and saw millions and millions of corpses, but only one or two of them were shaped like men. He took one of these human bodies, and delivered it to the Bhūt. The Bhūt rejoiced greatly, and gave the Brahman many rupees." On one occasion, according to a legend related to Mr. Minaef, the English Commissioner "Sahib Tiliar (*i.e.* Traill)" referred a dispute between two natives of Kumaon to the decision of a judicial demon who was the ruler of fifty-two other Bhūts. The demon caused blood to burst forth from the native who was in the wrong. "This occurrence was made known to the Sahib. So he inflicted punishment on the wrong-doer."

ELLIS'S COMMENTARY ON CATULLUS.*

TO the comparatively few who know how much room there has hitherto been for a thorough commentary on Catullus, and how little proportionate to his merit as a poet has been the labour bestowed upon him, we need offer no excuse for having taken some time before attempting to pronounce upon the important work of Mr. Robinson Ellis. We might say the crowning work; for, not to speak of the little volume in which, years ago, he pointed out the arithmetical system which regulated the metrical arrangements of Catullus's versification, and of his translation (in 1871) in the metres of the original—which, if it did not always please the ear, at any rate interpreted every poem, strophe, and line in a probable and convincing manner—Mr. Ellis published in 1867 his reconstitution of the text, to which is now added a parallel volume of commentary, the result of at least ten years' unwearied and well-directed labour. He has now done all that scholarship can do towards restoring Catullus to the favour as a Latin classic which he enjoyed till the beginning of the present century; since which time nothing great had been attempted until Lachmann's edition of the text, in 1823, began a new era for those who had acquiesced in the slender furniture of Doering, though the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries had been rich in commentaries of various degrees of value. Perhaps a puritanic desire to banish Catullus's poetry from education on account of its too frequently reflecting the vicious sentiments of his age and society had something to do with this; and the same feeling doubtless still exists to some extent. Yet it is undeniable that there is a vast deal of true and even pure poetry in the lyrics of Verona, from whom (as Mr. Ellis shows) our Tennysons and Brownings, as well as Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, have transferred many beauties; while, as a study of language, composition, and "inimitable spontaneity" of diction, the poems are invaluable. As to Mr. Ellis's work upon them, it is difficult to characterize it concisely; one cannot explain in a few words how he has managed to elucidate in detail each verse of each poem, and to weld them into a consistent whole. Excellent use has been made of the *Questiones Catullianæ* of L. Schwabe, reviewed many years ago in these columns, as also of the recent admirable study of M. Couat on Catullus; and it is a great advantage to this Commentary that it has had the help, as to text and interpretation, of the eminent editor of Lucretius, Mr. Munro, some of whose notes and illustrations have appeared in the *Journal of Classical and Sacred Philology*. We are mistaken if this Commentary is not destined to rank with that writer's *opus magnum* of Lucretius, and one or two other modern editions of Latin classics, as works essential for the Latin scholar to master.

Mr. Ellis's "Prolegomena" remind us that the works of his author only escaped extinction by the discovery of a single imperfect copy at the beginning of the fourteenth century, which was the parent of all our extant MSS. Although Catullus was from the first accepted by his literary contemporaries—e.g. Cornelius Nepos and Cicero—quoted by his greatest literary successors, and long popular among his countrymen, he was for centuries wholly unknown. As Mr. Ellis notes, his book was "read and read through" at Rome in Martial's day, and long after the Satires of Horace, whose odes and epodes did not supplant his lyrics, had driven Lucilius from the field. The elder Pliny quoted him and claimed him as a countryman; the younger was his diligent student and constant reader, as also was Quintilian, whilst he is referred to by Seneca, Juvenal, and Martial. The last-named poet has left a line (xiv. 195) which couples two neighbouring towns of Cisalpine Gaul, Verona and Mantua, with "the two poets who respectively represent the highest point of Roman imagination in the Ciceronian and Augustan ages, Catullus and Virgil"; and Mr. Ellis has not failed to remark this coincidence, as well as the action on the age just preceding Catullus of Greek influences tending to an increased feeling for literary perfection. His hendecasyllables, pure Iambics, scazons and glyconics, are, as we can satisfy ourselves in the case of the first by comparison, perfect by the side of his severer and less finished contemporaries, though his sapphics and hexameters are hardly so happy, and his elegiacs are almost rude; not altogether, it would seem, without some part of the fault attaching to the Greek models. Mr. Ellis's criticisms on Catullus's diction are as true and weighty as those on metre, and he distinguishes the poet's debt to the Alexandrian writers in a rare precision and perfection of form, while he was entirely free from their pedantry and sentimentalism. Some of his own peculiarities are (1) slight variations of everyday expressions; (2) quasi-adoption of prose phrases; (3) rapid change of person; (4) fondness for diminutives; (5) recurrence of the same phrase in following lines; (6) a liking for popular words, though his Latin is ever pure and unarchaic. In short, Catullus's genius is essentially Roman in its simple unaffected speech and republican spirit of freedom, and it is in him alone of Roman poets that "nature and art blend so happily that we lose sight of either in the perfection of the whole result."

Those pages of the Prolegomena which discuss the chronology of the poet's life and works strike us as having been most carefully prepared, though it may be doubted whether the preference for

* *A Commentary on Catullus*. By Robinson Ellis, M.A., Fellow of Trinity, Oxford, late Professor of Latin in University College, London. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1876.

the prænomens of Quintus rests upon sufficient authority to displace Jerome's assertion that it was Gaius; and Jerome seems to have been right also as to the fact of his age at death being thirty, though not in the dates of his birth and death, which were doubtless 84 and 54 B.C. On one vexed question, the identification of Lesbia with the famous or infamous Clodia of Cicero's oration, Mr. Ellis seems to have gone further to decide the matter in the affirmative than any of his predecessors, and he has brought many of the later epigrams to bear on the controversy. But we must proceed to the Commentary proper. The first poem, addressed to Cornelius Nepos, the editor is inclined to regard as a dedication only of the poet's shorter and lighter lyrics, and not of the whole mass of poems in various metres, to which the term "libellus" would be inappropriate. As the whole collection may naturally fall into three sections—the shorter lyrical, the longer, and the epigrams—it is at least plausible that the poem "Quoi dono lepidum, &c." refers only to the first batch, whilst the fragment XIV. B, "Siqui forte mearum ineptiarum," may have been part of another prologue, and the poem to Ortalus, c. LXV., a sort of dedication of the volume of elegies. It is true that this theory contradicts the consensus of opinion and the sanction of Bentley, but it is not without reason on its side. As to the identity of *passer* with our sparrow, hazarded by De Quincey in his selections (viii. 82), Mr. Ellis disposes of the question by the evidence of Bernardinus Realinus in the sixteenth century, that it was then the fashion of Italian ladies of rank to keep pet sparrows, as, according to Mr. Browning, is the case still. In dealing with the beautiful lines to his pinnace Mr. Ellis has had the advantage of Mr. Munro's analysis of the poem in the *Cambridge Journal of Education*, though not always agreeing with him. In v. 15, where it is made to say that

Ultima ex origine
Tuo stetisse in cacumine,

and where Mr. Munro interprets the three first words, "From her earliest birthtime," there is some weight in Mr. Ellis's objection that this sense falls short of that which the words convey—namely, "from the furthest point to which she can trace her origin"—i.e. not descending from the moment of birth, but ascending by gradations of memory from the present to the first germ of true existence. In this sense he cites Corn. Nepos, *Att. 1*, "Pomponius Atticus ab origine ultimâ stirpis Romanæ generatus," where *ultimâ origine* mean rather earliest stock than earliest birthtime. In the same poem, at 19-21, the lines—

Læva sive dextera
Vocaret aura sive utrumque Jupiter
Simul secundus incidisset in pedem—

are well translated and explained:—"As the breeze summoned her right or left, or a favouring gale fell on both her sheets at once." "The yacht bore her on safely through all weathers, as well when the wind blew only on one side, requiring the sail to be shifted accordingly, as when it fell from behind, evenly on both extremities of the sail, and was, therefore, strictly speaking, 'secundus.'" The use of "vocaret," applied to a shifting wind, is objected to by Lachmann and Munro; but Lachmann's "*vagaret*" for *vocaret* is, as Ellis sees, too archaic to be Catullan. In the fifth poem, to Lesbia (Vivamus, mea Lesbia, &c.), an illustration is afforded of one of Catullus's characteristics in v. 3, where the first two words, "omnes unius," emphasize the otherwise commonplace "*assis æstimare*." In viii. 14, another Lesbian poem, a very prosaic and commonplace form, on the model of "nullus dixeris, nullus moneas," &c., "cum rogaberis nulla," "when you shall not be asked for *at all*," is displaced from the text by Mr. Ellis's approval of Statius's emendation "note" for the MS. "ne te," which however might, we think, be justified. In the fifth poem, above referred to, "millia fecerimus multa," v. 10, is shown from Juvenal to stand for "made up the number to"; and the use of "conturbare," in v. 11, to throw the account into confusion, likened to *ψυφῶς φεῖναι*, *Att. vi. 4, 3*. In the amusing scene where Varus's mistress contrived to bring the poet pretty fairly to book about the extent of his profits and losses on the trip to Bithynia on Memmius's staff, two or three helpful notes and explanations are given. It is the tenth poem. And when the poet has been led to make-believe that he has at last brought home a litter and some slaves, and the lady, as quick as thought, to test his truthfulness, asks him for a loan of them, there seems to be so much difficulty as to "commoda," in v. 26—

Quæso, inquit, mihi, mi Catulle, paulum
Istos commodâ: nam volo ad Scæpam
Deferri—

and its quantity, if an imperative, that Mr. Ellis inclines to Hand's emendation—

Istos: commodum nam, &c.

In this case the verb governing "*istos*" is understood, and "commodum nam" will mean "for just in time," "as luck will have it," I want to go to the temple of Serapis. In what immediately follows, "Mane me, inquit puellæ" is the MS. reading, which Lachmann retains. Mr. Ellis interprets this ironically, "You may as well wait till I come," "There's plenty of time for that!" Not so fast!

On Poem XII. and the reproaches therein contained to Asinius Pollio, elder brother of Horace's and Virgil's friend, for stealing a napkin of a set given him by his friends Veranius and Fabullus we get in the preliminary matter indications of the not infrequent commission of this offence (Poem XXV. is on the same subject).

which was rendered the easier because, as the Romans reclined at meals on the left hand, the movements of that hand were easiest to conceal. The custom was for guests to bring their own napkins, which led to a fashion in them, and to their being objects of petty, but perhaps conventionally tolerated, theft, like our umbrellas. In this case the first words of the poem—*Marrucine Asini, &c.*—have a special point which may escape some readers. *Marrucine* refers to the fact of *Asinius's* native place being *Teate*, the chief town of the *Marrucini*, a tribe on the river *Aternus* eulogized by *Cicero* for their probity and high character (see *Cluent. lxxix. 197*). In the curious poem (*XVII.*) in *Priapean* metre, alluding obviously to some scandal of provincial notoriety, addressed to *Colonia* and its rotten bridge, there is good evidence as to the locality. *Schwabe* and *Muretus* incline to identify it with the modern *Cologna*, a small town a few miles east of *Verona*. This view was held before *Muretus* by *Alexander Guarinus*, who describes the town as it existed in his own time (the sixteenth century), with the marshes between it and *Verona*, crossed by a very long wooden bridge. Another poem (*XXII.*), upon the poetaster *Suffenus*, and his utter dullness when he quits everyday conversation for his chosen hobby, ends in v. 21 with a reference to *Æsop* and *Babrius*—“*Sed non videmus manticæ quod in tergo est*”; “None sees within the wallet hung behind our own”—that part of the wallet behind us which contains our own vices, as the part in front does our neighbours’. The *mantica* was a double bag or wallet slung “fore and aft” over the shoulder, as we have seen some walking postmen carry their bags. In *Persius*, iv. 24 “*Sed præcedenti spectatur manticæ tergo*,” by a slight variation, each carries a wallet on his back, perceptible to his neighbour, not to himself. The always charming poem of *Sirmio* is done full justice to by *Mr. Ellis*; its niceties (“*ocello*,” “*solutis curis*,” “*acquiescimus*”) are noted and paralleled, and its last lines defined and made plain. They run:—

Gaudete vosque, O Lydiæ laevis undæ,
Ridete, quicquid est domi cachinnorum.

As in *III. 1. 2*, “*Lugete—quantum est hominum*”—so here the construction of the last verse is equivalent to “Laugh out all hearty laughter of my home.” From the fact that “*cachinni*” is sometimes used—e.g. in *LXIV. 273*, of the plashing of waves—*Statics* was probably led to interpret “Laugh out, ye waves with all of ringing laughter that is at home”; and, going upon some such a theory of the sense, *Landor* was led to a similar idea of *Catullus* inviting the waves to laugh; but, as *Mr. Munro* here agrees with *Mr. Ellis*, *domi* defines the word in its literal sense, and the adjuration is, as it were, “*ridete omnes vos cachinni qui domi estis*.”

Poem *XLIV.* affords notable examples of the purely prose lines which occur in *Catullus's* descriptions—e.g. 5, “*Fui libenter in tuâ suburbanâ*,” and, 11, “*Orationem in Antium petito rem*”; and *Mr. Ellis* identifies the *Sestius* of this poem with *Cicero's* intimate acquaintance and *Pompey's* friend. In c. 50, v. 18, “*Nunc audax cave sis, præcesque nostras*,” &c., he sees some ground for *Servius's* assertion that there was an old verb, “*cavo*,” “*cavis*,” of the third conjugation—and hence the comic imperative (*cavē*) pronounced rapidly as a monosyllable. One or two more happy conjectures may be quoted. In c. 55, descriptive of the poet's search, here, there, and everywhere in *Rome*, for his friend *Camerius*, a man about town, it has always seemed labour lost to hunt for him in the bookshops, even if “*libelli*” (*Te in Circo, te in omnibus libellis*) meant *bookstalls*, so early, judging by the company he seems to have kept. Our editor surmises that it may mean *placards*, either giving notice of his effects for sale, or (sportively) of himself as a missing article (I have sought for you in every place where I have had a chance of hearing of missing articles). In the *Glyconic Epithalamium* (*XLI.*) *Mr. Ellis* illustrates each phase of the procession and ceremonial by the *Roman antiquities*, and pointing out the poet's delight in descriptions and similes borrowed from plants. The *Amaracus* of v. 7 he takes to be an exotic Oriental “*marjoram*,” if one at all, and the white partheniæ of 187 the “*convolvulus*,” which *Pliny* calls “*parthenium*.”

We have said enough to give a notion of the helpfulness of this Commentary. One or two instances may, however, be added of the editor's skill in calling to aid internal evidences of dates for particular poems, and also one or two apt citations of modern parallels for expressions and sentiments. Thus in c. 45 the date of the “*Acme and Septimius*” poem is established as B.C. 55 (the year of *Cæsar's* first campaign in Britain and of *Crassus* setting out for Syria), both by “*Mayult quam Syrias Britannique*” in v. 22, and by “*Cresio veniam obvis leoni*” in v. 7. The green-eyed lion became familiar to *Rome* this year at *Pompey's* Games at the dedication of his Temple to *Venus Victrix*, when six hundred were exhibited. In like manner the poem as to the search for *Camerius*, above referred to, seems to date itself at 55 B.C. (to which year most accounts ascribe the dedication of *Pompey's* Theatre and adjoining Piazza—though there is a story of a date three years later, 52 B.C.), by the mention of “*Magni Ambulatio*,” the piazza in question. To turn to modern quotations, we shall find *Ben Jonson*, in *Cynthia's Revels*, v. 2, clearly imitating *Catullus*, *XIII. 13* (“*Deos rogabis Totum ut te faciant, Fabulle, nasum*”), in his words, “*Taste, smell, I assure you, sir, pure benjamin, the only spirited scent that ever waked a Neapolitan nostril. You would wish yourself all nose for the love on't.*” Where, in Poem *XVII.*, the young wife of the old man at *Colonia* is said to be “*Adservanda nigrinis diligentius avis*,” there seems no doubt that *Ben*

Jonson copies him in “*The Fox*,” i. fin.:—“*All her looks are sweet Like the first grapes and cherries, and are watched As near as they are.*” Another parallel in *Ben Jonson* might be cited, Poem *LV. 12* (see p. 152), and, in the “*Acme and Septimius*” poem, *Mr. Ellis* shows how our laureate has laid his *Catullus* to heart, by quoting *Edwin Morris* saying, “*Shall not love to me, As in the Latin song I learnt at school, Sneeze out a full God bless you right and left?*” Another parallel from the same poet's *In Memoriam* comes in appositely for vv. 34–5 of the Second *Epithalamium* on the double name of “*Hesper-Phosphor*.” There are also not a few (possibly unintentional) parallels in *Shakspeare*, as where, *à propos* of the poem to *Cæcilius*, and the line “*Quare, si sapias, viam vorabit*,” *Mr. Ellis* cites, at *Mr. Clayton's* suggestion, *Henry IV. Part II., i. 1*, “*He seemed in running to devour the way.*”

It is with hesitation that we dissent from *Mr. Ellis's* theory of *Catullus's* dexterity in his form of eulogy on *Cicero* (c. *xlxx.*) It seems far-fetched to suppose even a slight innuendo or reservation in the words, “*dissertissime Romuli nepotum*,” which he says, in his note on v. 1, is slightly ironical. We see no reason in such an antithesis as follows in 6–7, “*pessimus—optimus*,” to detect either an unreal humility or to suggest a suspicion of persiflage. But these are small matters. Of the book, as a whole, we will only add that it maintains at its most advanced point the character of our English scholarship.

AMSTERDAM AND VENICE.*

(Second Notice.)

BOTH the author and the illustrators of this volume have the merit of a certain veracity, which does not, however, prevent them from recognizing the poetry of the subjects they have to deal with. *M. Havard* in his descriptions of *Venice* leaves the reader few or no illusions, and yet he is himself still very strongly impressed by certain aspects of *Venice* and by certain buildings or situations there. *M. Gauchere*, the etcher, has long been familiar with *Venetian* buildings as material for his art, but his way of looking at them is not at all that of the most popular painters of *Venice* with whom the public has been long familiar in the exhibitions. We all know how that city is usually treated; how much poetry, or pseudo-poetry, is lent to it by artists, and how seldom they give us anything like the plain truth about the place. Another common custom of theirs is to adhere with tiresome fidelity to the best known views, so that, although we have seen hundreds of pictures of the Ducal Palace, there are many parts of the city of which we hardly ever get a glimpse. *M. Gauchere* takes a pleasure in hunting up interesting little bits which have never been drawn before, and in this way he enables us to look about us almost as if we were in a gondola. He is a complete realist, and does not embellish his subject; but he generally contrives to select good material which composes well, and he shows it under a favourable effect of light. The book is plentifully illustrated with woodcuts, some of which are drawn by the author. We cannot say much for the artistic quality of the woodcuts, many of them being certainly not good enough for a volume of this kind; but at any rate they assist the text by giving us information of a graphic kind on many points of detail.

M. Havard begins his description of *Venice* by a few touches of colour. *Venice*, he says, stands out in white and rose-colour against a dark blue sky and upon an emerald sea, whilst *Amsterdam* is reddish-brown on a silvery sea and against a pale blue sky. This of course means that the prevailing or characteristic effects are of that kind; but there are times of exception. The sky of *Venice* is not always azure, though the sky of *Amsterdam* can never in that latitude take the deep ultramarine blue which it has at certain times of the year in the South. Another contrast between *Venice* and *Amsterdam* is that one is a city of silence, a place for idlers and dreamers, the other a city of activity and noise, a place for workers.

Descriptions are very difficult to manage without making them tiresome, and *M. Havard* has not escaped this danger in his description of *Venice* from the Campanile. It is exactly like a guide-book, neither better nor worse; and then follows a long catalogue of palaces, exactly in the same manner, yet containing some interesting facts. As usual, however, we have to thank *M. Havard* for telling us the simple truth. The word *palazzo* can delude nobody who has been in Italy; but an Englishman who translates it into “*palace*,” or even a Frenchman who translates it into “*palais*,” is likely to incur some disappointment:—

A ce mot de “*palais*” que de merveilles enfantées par notre cerveau! que de rêves évoqués par notre imagination! Mais en Italie, il faut singulièrement en rabattre. Toute maison est un palais comme tout voyageur est une Excellence. On ne regagne pas sa demeure, on rentre dans son palais. Un employé à quinze cents francs est logé dans un palais. Mais de même qu'il y a fagots et fagots, il y a aussi des palais de tout calibre et de tout aspect. J'en sais quelques-uns dans des ruelles infectes, sur des canaux puants, dont les murailles lézardées sont couvertes d'une sorte de lèpre, dont les balcons ruinés menacent les passants. Leur aspect sordide et repoussant les fait éviter avec soin; pour rien au monde on n'y voudrait entrer, à plus forte raison y loger et y vivre. Ce n'en sont pas moins des palais, et les hôtes peu susceptibles de ces taudis vermouls se croiraient fort amoindris si on leur parlait de leur maison. Les palais du Grand Canal ne sont point, heureusement, dans ce cas. Leur position sur le *Corso vénitien* les préserve de l'abandon auquel tant d'autres sont livrés sans réserve. C'est

* *Amsterdam et Venise.* Par Henri Havard. Paris: Plon. 1876.

à peine si sur cette grande et large voie, nous en trouverons cinq ou six menaçant ruine ou dans un état affligeant de dégradation; et pour la plupart de ces vieilles et nobles demeures, le titre qu'elles portent ne nous semblera point usurpé.

Most of these palaces on the Grand Canal have changed their owners since the fall of the old Venetian aristocracy, and especially during the Austrian occupation. A few still belong to the descendants of the old families, others have been purchased by foreigners, and others are rented by families who pass regularly a few months of the year in Venice. All these have been more or less preserved, but others are not so fortunate:—

Malheureusement bon nombre, ravagés à l'intérieur, dépouillés de leurs tableaux et de leurs stucs, vœufs de leurs marbres sculptés, badigeonnés, peints et repeints et tendus de papier à deux francs le rouleau, sont divisés par tranches et loués en appartements garnis. Il en est même qui sont devenus de simples auberges. Toutefois ils n'ont point, malgré cela, abdiqué leur désignation primitive. *L'Albergo Reale* porte toujours le nom de Palais Bernardo, *l'Hôtel de l'Europe* celui de Palais Giustiniani; *l'Albergo Barbisi* s'appelle encore Palais Zuchelli, et ces nobles noms, pompeusement étalés sur la note, servent à en déguiser les exagérations, à distraire l'attention, et à rendre le total moins pénible à solder.

Besides these inns and hotels, there are palaces on the Grand Canal which are occupied by picture-dealers who pretend to be collectors—a class which exists now in almost every great city in Europe, and which is not always easily distinguished from genuine collectors, of whom there are also good and respectable examples at Venice. The saddest story of family decay in connexion with the palaces of the Grand Canal is probably that of the Foscari. This ancient and once very wealthy house, which had received royal guests, including Henry III. of France, was ruined in the last century by the extravagance of its chief, and there still remained thirty or forty years ago the last descendants of the Foscari in the upper chambers of the Foscari palace. All the works of art had disappeared from the walls; even the furniture had gone, down to the very house linen; yet still an old man of eighty and two infirm old maids clung to the house of their ancestors, and lived in it with no comforts but a few broken chairs and some old boxes. Since these last Foscari died the palace has been used for various purposes. It has been an Austrian barrack, and is now a commercial school.

M. Havard thinks that the dingy appearance of certain palaces at Venice may be compared with the smoke-begrimed exteriors of London; but as there is hardly any smoke at Venice, and no dust, the darker-looking houses have become gloomy from the natural embrowning of the materials:—

Malgré leur aspect sombre [adds M. Havard] ces demeures aristocratiques se colorent sous les feux du soleil, et leurs façades brunes semblent trancher en clair sur l'azur foncé du ciel.

Et puis ce sont les flots vert tendre qui s'argentent de joyeux reflets, les grands poteaux qui sortent de l'eau tout enrubannés de couleurs vives et coiffés de la corne dogale, les gondoles noires qui filent comme des hirondelles, laissant à leur suite un sillon de mousse blanche. C'est le ciel, le soleil, la lumière dorée, les marbres blancs et roses, les ombres transparentes, que sais-je? C'est le charme, c'est la vie, la paresseuse rêverie qui s'empare de tout votre être, qui prend possession de votre cerveau, qui pénètre votre cœur, pendant que l'air moite caresse votre visage et vous baigne dans ses éternelles vapeurs.

Every Friday there are great tents on the fish-market, and much traffic in fish from the Adriatic, which the Venetians, luckily for their happiness on that day of the week, are very fond of, and indeed appreciate so much that it seems to them impossible to get fish of equally good quality elsewhere. M. Paul de Musset tells a capital story about a grave personage, the Count Andréa, who was bewailing his "douloureux chagrins d'amour." The lady of his adoration had been called back to Milan by her family, and this so afflicted her admirer that he was ready to die with grief. It then occurred to M. de Musset to inquire wherefore, under such circumstances, the Count did not go to Milan himself to be near the lady whose presence was so vitally necessary to him. The answer was thoroughly Venetian:—"I have always lived at Venice, and could not live at Milan, where people speak a dialect that tortures my ears—and besides, you cannot get fresh fish at Milan." Not that he loved the lady less, but the Venetian fish-market more.

Some of the most interesting pages in M. Havard's book deal with the Arsenal at Venice. He tells us about the famous galley of the Doges, the *Bucentaur*. There were three of these galleys in succession; the first lasted from 1520 to 1600; the second from 1600 to 1725; the third from 1725 to 1797, when it was burnt. Some notion of the magnificence lavished on this boat may be gathered from the cost of the gilding, which alone amounted to more than 8,800*l*. There was a great cabin, or saloon, with sofas all round, and a throne at one end for the Doge; and the deck was supported by gilded statues, whilst above the deck was an awning of flame-coloured velvet embroidered with gold. Nothing now remains of these astonishing barges except the models in the Arsenal; and it is not likely that they will ever be reproduced on the original scale, for the state-barge is almost a thing of the past; and, when modern rulers go to sea, it is generally in a plain, but very comfortable, steamer.

Italian princes often occupied themselves much less innocently than in displaying their magnificence on land or water. They still preserve at the Arsenal some of the instruments of torture which were commonly used by the Council of Ten—for example, two iron helmets studded internally with sharp spikes, which pricked the patient's head. Meanwhile the judge, seated by his side, put his ear to a little opening in the visor to hear any avowals that might

be elicited. There is a pretty collection of instruments of torture which at one time belonged to Francesco di Carrara, of Padua. Amongst them is a key, so contrived that a spring would suddenly protrude a number of little points so sharp that the patient would not feel the puncture, yet he would die of it, because they were poisoned.

There is a fine public garden at Venice, with avenues of beech and plane; and you may lean upon the marble balustrade which surrounds the garden and admire one of the best views of the city. It would be an excellent promenade if there were any promenaders; but, by one of those curious perversities which often characterize fashion in great cities, nobody goes to the public garden, although few trees and little verdure of any kind are to be seen in the other quarters. Venice is not by any means the only town which has a good promenade and will not use it. Almost every French town has its promenade, but the public use or neglect it just as it happens, often preferring a noisy street or square unless there is some special attraction to the public walk. Such an attraction was found by an ingenious Venetian, who imported a strange animal, harnessed it to a vehicle, and drove it slowly about the public garden. The strange animal was simply a horse, but all Venice went to see it, just as people in an English country town would go to see a zebra:—

Il n'en fallut pas plus pour donner aux jardins publics une animation tout à fait insolite. Bien des gens, qui n'avaient aucune idée d'une voiture, accoururent pour contempler ce véhicule extraordinaire et le quadrupède chargé de le traîner. On pouvait tenir quatre dans ce carrosse, et pour une somme fort modeste, faire le tour des jardins. On s'entassait douze sur les banquettes, et l'on se penchait à corps perdu pour observer le mécanisme prodigieux qui faisait tourner les roues. Jamais la pauvre rose qui menait ce monde primitif n'avait excité pareil admiration. Sans cette importation, qui fit la fortune de l'homme ingénieux qui en eut l'idée, des milliers de Venitiens n'auraient point connu d'autres chevaux que ceux du monument Colloani et de la place Saint-Marc.

M. Havard, though strongly feeling the poetry of Venice, fully recognizes the evil characteristics of the place, the dirty narrow canals, the crumbling, scarcely habitable old houses, the little dark shops where only four persons can find room for themselves, and where the buyers cannot see distinctly what they purchase. The contrast with Amsterdam is great in this respect, Amsterdam being a city of light, and air, and space, with great openings everywhere. There is the same contrast with respect to verdure, which refreshes the eye frequently at Amsterdam and everywhere in the outskirts of the city, whilst it is grievously rare at Venice. Of the two cities, Venice may be the more curious to visit, and is certainly much the richer in architecture; but it is highly probable that most Englishmen would prefer Amsterdam as a place of permanent residence, after the first sensation of novelty had worn itself away. The Venetians themselves are intensely attached to their city; all very peculiar places inspire strong feelings of attachment in those who have been born there; and the history of Venice is still remembered with pride by its inhabitants of the present day. Few people are so little disposed, in the upper classes, to open their houses to strangers. We English, though thousands of us visit Venice, know next to nothing of its inhabitants. M. Havard tells us that they are reserved even amongst themselves, and will often sit quietly observing and inwardly criticizing for a long time without saying much. Again, the Venetian noble will have a set of friends at his *café* whom he never invites to his house, and who have never spoken to his wife. The seclusion of Venetian ladies appears astonishing to an Englishman; but we may remember that Venice is very near the East, and had in former times such constant dealings with the East that manners may have been affected by Oriental ideas as architecture certainly was. Venetian women rarely go out, and yet they busy themselves little about household affairs which afford so much occupation to Dutchwomen. M. Havard considers that female beauty is not so much the rule at Venice as at Amsterdam; but, like a true Frenchman, he seems to be fully susceptible of impressions from beauties of very different types:—

Leur type de beauté est ou brun ou blond; mais les blondes elles-mêmes (et elles sont fort nombreuses) n'ont pas cet incarnat velouté qui ressemble au duvet d'une fleur et paraît devoir s'envoler au moindre souille et se tenir au premier rayon de soleil. Sous leurs cheveux dorés, leur peau prend des teintes mates ou d'un blanc laiteux que relèvent deux yeux bruns dont l'expression est étrange et le charme tout particulier. Il est peu de physiognomies qui captivent autant que celle de ces blondes Venitiennes.

It appears that these fair ones are held to be perfidious, and there is a proverb which says "Beware of fair girls and green stones." The green stones are slippery at Venice as they are in an English brook when the aquatic mosses have clothed them with that colour. Dark girls, on the other hand, are supposed, at Venice, to be simple-hearted, and it appears that there are no snares in their great black eyes, their wavy hair, and their pretty brown skins. We are sorry to hear that all the charms of *brune* and *blonde* alike fade too fast, and that there are few beauties of thirty to gladden the eyes of a wandering Frenchman like M. Havard.

SHODDY.*

A PECULIAR difficulty has in the last few years come before those whose sad fate it is to review the novels of the

* *Shoddy: a Yorkshire Tale of Home*. By Arthur Wood. 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1877.

day. Ever since the first of the female novelists now living chose to assume a masculine name, not a few women have tried in the title-pages of their books to pass themselves off as men. In many cases this was only carrying out to its proper end the affectation which characterized every page of their writings. They had affected an acquaintance with the follies and vices of men, such as could only be gained by intimacy with men who were foolish and vicious, or by a careful study of foolish and vicious books. They showed perhaps some remnant of shame in going a step further and in trying to hide the fact that they were women. Others, no doubt, whose works were innocent enough, only aimed at amusing themselves and their friends, and at playing a harmless trick on their readers by the deception they practised; while at least one well-known writer, whose popularity greatly exceeds her merits, chose in one of her later stories to drop her own name and to pass herself off as a man, perhaps in the hopes of receiving, as a young and unknown writer, a more merciful treatment than, as a hardened offender, she could have justly expected had she allowed her name to appear. The reviewer, then, naturally enough becomes suspicious, and does not place full trust in title-pages. In the words of the countryman whose eldest daughter was accidentally christened John, he finds himself crying out, "Him's a her, after all." It is only a few weeks ago that we had to express a difficulty we felt as to the sex of a new writer, and now we once more experience the same misgiving. We have not the least reason to believe in any relationship between Mr. Arthur Wood and a well-known female novelist of the same surname, but there certainly is a considerable resemblance between the style of the two writers. The superiority we must certainly assign to the gentleman; for he writes as Mrs. Henry Wood might write if she had once succeeded in getting rid of a good many of her faults, leaving, however, a great many more behind. Nevertheless, for the first novel of a young writer, the story is not a bad one. The plot is improbable to the last degree; but as the mysteries, though they are rather soon seen through, are not explained till towards the close of the third volume, the improbability does not much matter. An author, we hold, always makes a mistake in attempting to find an explanation of the eccentric and mysterious conduct of his hero, which, absurd though it was in itself, was altogether necessary for the interest of the plot. Should we ever—*absit omen*—write a novel, when once we had worked up the plot to the proper state of interest, and with our mystery still unexplained, were close on the end of the third volume, we should turn on our readers, and with a polite bow beg to part company. "We have," we should say, "succeeded in interesting you through thrice three hundred pages, and are you now to force us to give a pitiful explanation of our mysteries and of the motives of our heroes and heroines? We know no compulsion so to do, and if reasons were as plentiful as blackberries we would not give you one on compulsion. Be satisfied that you have been amused as a child is by the ticking of a watch, and do not spoil your amusement by asking to have the works pulled to pieces."

Mr. Arthur Wood has four or five very pretty mysteries, if not more. The hero's whole conduct is most mysterious; but, as it was necessary for the interest of the story, no sensible reader would trouble his head in the least about an explanation. Mr. Wood might perhaps object, and with some reason, that no sensible reader would trouble his head about his story, and that silly readers look upon the explanation and the winding up as the greatest treat of all, and, like children at a feast, ask that the nicest morsel should be kept for last. But even they, we should imagine, would be quite satisfied when the disguises were thrown off and each character appeared in his proper form. They would be satisfied with knowing that Joe Boothroyd, the pretended foreman, was in reality Edward Sherwin, the rich man, and they would not trouble Mr. Sherwin for an explanation why he had chosen to pass himself off with his dead father's old partner as a man in need of work. The explanation which is given is so feeble and so absurd that it spoils to a great extent the pleasure that had been given by the various exciting situations into which Sherwin's disguise had led him and the other characters. The story, indeed, soon plunges the reader into an abundance of mysteries. In the first chapter we have, in the midst of the well-known "rich mellow sunlight of a warm evening in July," a stranger "with a heavy moustache and thoughtful eyes," who smokes at least three cigars in nine pages, and wins at the same time the heart of the heroine, Dolly Worsdale. He apparently disappears altogether from the story, though of course the reader knows that it is not for nothing a man has "a certain look of quiet determination in his grey eyes that invested him with an individuality apart from the crowds." Nor, again, was it for nothing that, while in the opening chapter two other characters smoked pipes, this gentleman smoked three cigars. In many novels of the present day the hero is as commonly introduced by the puff of a cigar as in the old plays by a flourish of trumpets. We next learn who Dolly Worsdale was. Her father had, as a poor lad, come to old Mr. Sherwin's mill in search of work. He had been taken in, and in the end had been made a partner. Mr. Sherwin had an only son, Edward, the hero of the story, and one who, in his time, played many parts. The son would not take to business, but generally lived on the Continent, too often frequenting the gaming-tables. One night, when returning from them a large winner, he was nearly murdered and robbed. Besides his money, there were taken from him a portrait of his father, and the last

letter written by the old gentleman, full of good advice to his dissipated son. Just at the time when this attack was made on the son the father died, making a curious enough will for a man of business. While he left "the rest of his handsome fortune to his son," he bequeathed his share in the business to his old partner Matthew Worsdale, expressing at the same time "his hope that his boy would yet return to the usefulness of trade." A father is not very reasonable who hopes that his son will follow him in trade at the very time that he deprives him of all share of the business. The son lived abroad, and was never seen at his old home. His address even was not known, and he could only be communicated with through his London solicitor. Here, then, we have in the second chapter a second mysterious character, not counting the unknown robber who had possessed himself of the portrait and the letter, as will be seen, to some purpose. In the third chapter Mr. Worsdale receives a letter from Edward Sherwin, introducing to him "a young fellow who will probably call on you in quest of employment"; and in the fourth chapter the young fellow, Joe Boothroyd by name, accordingly turns up. Even the most careless reader can at once see that there is a mystery about him, and that he is not the poor workman that he pretends to be.

Meanwhile, Priscilla Worsdale, Dolly's younger sister, goes on a visit to the seaside, and there receives the attentions of a stranger who is more mysterious than ever. He is a Captain Clarence, a gentleman with white hair, but dark brown eyebrows, moustache, and beard. Priscilla's governess, Miss Skimple, has also her mysterious gentleman—a military man who years before, under the promise of an early marriage, had robbed her of all her savings. Item, there was a mysterious man in a large cloak and profusion of dark hair. Item, there was a Colonel Wentworth, who also was mysterious. Item, there was a Major Maismore, who had his mysteries also. Item, there were a mysterious lady and gentleman staying at the country house of Mr. Sherwin's solicitor. As one mysterious character follows another, we feel inclined to call out with Macbeth:—

What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?
Another yet?—A seventh?—I'll see no more.

Before long, Captain Clarence, the gentleman with the white hair and the brown moustache, adds to the confusion by turning up at Mr. Worsdale's house and passing himself off as Edward Sherwin. The reader is not kept in the dark on this point. Though he is not told in so many words, he is allowed by his sagacity to see that Captain Clarence is an impostor. In the end the mysteries get swallowed up one in the other like the slides of a telescope, and it is discovered that the real Edward Sherwin and the man who attempted to murder him have to share all the characters between them. It was Edward Sherwin who made love and smoked the cigars "in a dark and almost shaggy beard and moustache" in the first chapter. It was Edward Sherwin who, "with an open bold face neatly shaved and trimmed," passed himself off as Joe Boothroyd. It was the man with the white hair and the dark moustache, whatever his real name was, who robbed the governess, nearly murdered Edward Sherwin, drugged and robbed Frank Ossett, cheated Tim Worsdale, made love to Priscilla, disguised himself with a profusion of dark hair and the large cloak, and passed himself off as Captain Clarence, Major Maismore, and Colonel Wentworth. He at last gets murdered himself, through a mistake, by the second villain of the piece, who, being only a bill-sticker, is not of sufficient social importance to be allowed to be mysterious. When dying at the hospital he is recognized by the poor governess, who, by a coincidence as strange as any in the book, happens to be a chance visitor there at the very time he is brought in. He is allowed to die penitent, though his penitence does not much matter, as without it and the usual death-bed confession the hero and the heroine had been able to get married.

In spite of its gross extravagance, there is yet a certain amount of interest in the story, while two or three of the characters are drawn with considerable cleverness, though scarcely with much originality. It is a pity, however, that the thread of the plot should so often be broken with long pieces of fine writing. Who cares for such threadbare remarks as the following?—

Did it ever occur to you, in a crowded thoroughfare, what varied volumes of biography, adventure, and romance,—what histories of schemes and aspirations; of hope, joy, and disappointment; of wild theories, or miserable longings, are before, behind, and on every side of you, more strange and startling, could we but know the inner life of each, than can be found in any circulating library in the world?

To know that every person we see has a history and an individuality of his own, and like to no one's else; from which, were it fairly written down and dispassionately read, we might learn the strangest stories from the most prosaic exteriors; stories of heroism perhaps, such heroism as belongs to fortitude and patience, under great trouble and privation; tales of ambitious aspirations wretchedly bound in the most threadbare of cloth, &c.

Still more dull are the attempts at humorous writing which seem to be inserted almost at regular intervals throughout the story. We could almost imagine that when the author had finished the book, some injudicious friend to whose perusal it had been submitted had pointed out that it wanted humour, and that humour could be with the greatest ease inserted. At all events, the scenes that are meant to be humorous have so little to do with the plot that happily they can be passed over. We would advise Mr. Wood, when next he writes, to keep to his mysteries

and to leave humour alone. We all of us have our different gifts. As the Vicar of Wakefield said to his wife, "I do not, my dear, dispute your ability at making goose-pie, and I trust that you will leave argument to me."

MINOR NOTICES.

IT is a good sign in these days that so much loyal care and labour should be given to providing more exact and trustworthy presentations of the works of eminent authors. We had recently to notice a very satisfactory performance of this duty in the case of Coleridge; and we are glad to see that similar attention is being paid to Shelley and Burns. We have already spoken of Mr. Buxton Forman's new edition of Shelley's poetical writings*, the third volume of which is now out. It contains "Adonais," "Hellas," and the "Lines written on hearing the news of the Death of Napoleon," completing the series of the mature works published by the poet during his lifetime; and also a number of pieces not published till after his death. In dealing with the latter, the editor has adopted in each case the most complete version and the best readings he could find, at the same time noting minute variations of interest between different editions, and also any variations shown by collation with the manuscript whenever it was available; and all changes made by the editor himself, however trifling or obviously needful, are specified. Guided by these rules, Mr. Forman has produced the most complete and authentic edition of Shelley which has till now been published. Among other things, he remarks that his study of the poems has convinced him that the epithet "careless" ought not to be applied to the peculiarities and laxities of Shelley's punctuation and other points in composition; for he appears to have taken elaborate pains to redact and punctuate, though occasionally he was led away in the ardour of realizing some idea which struck him at the moment. There are, perhaps, some readers who may be amused by the editor's enthusiasm on these matters, and the earnestness with which he notes the difference between the shape of Shelley's and of Mrs. Shelley's commas, and also Shelley's invariable spelling of the final *ize* with a *z*, which Mrs. Shelley altered to *s*; but it is at least a proof of his genuine interest in his work.

The first volume of a new and handsome edition of the works of Burns†, edited by Mr. W. Scott Douglas, gives promise that a complete and carefully revised collection of the poet's writings, such as has long been wanted, will now be provided. The aim of this edition is to bring together the whole of Burns's poems and correspondence, giving the "text with critical exactness, unabridged, and untampered with, and recording the numerous and interesting variations in his manuscripts and several authorized editions." The poems and lyrics are arranged in strictly chronological order; the date of each composition and the author's age at the time of writing it are given on every page, so that the reader can see at once to what period they belong; and the original form of publication is also stated. Moreover, a considerable number of the author's undoubted productions are now to appear for the first time in a collective form, several of them, it is said, having hitherto been kept private. The prose writings will be similarly arranged, and carefully annotated; and the editor hopes to give a comprehensive view of Burns's life, including "submerged and mystified facts in his brief and eccentric career." The typography of the book is large and clear, with a good margin, and the biographical notes to each piece are well selected and to the point, and not diffuse. A great deal of information bearing on Burns's character and career is thus combined with his writings. The work is illustrated with engravings of the poet's portrait, views of the house where he was born; a map of the district of Ayrshire associated with the poet, as it was at the close of the last century, and facsimiles of his handwriting.

Here is also a new impression of Joseph Ritson's *Ancient Songs and Ballads*, edited by Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt. Ritson, who is described by Lockhart as a "half-crazy," "narrow-minded, sour, and dogmatical little word-catcher," and a "virulent assailant of Bishop Percy's editorial character," did certainly, in the preface to the first edition of the work now reproduced, warn his readers not to expect to find in it either "the interesting fable, or the romantic wildness of a late elegant publication"—this was Percy's—but it would "at least have the recommendation of evident and indisputable authenticity." Whatever may be thought of this attack on the Bishop, there can be no doubt that Ritson had an astonishing store of really valuable learning. His weak point was, as Scott mentions in one of his letters, an inability to combine anything like a narrative, so that his works reminded one of "a heap of rubbish, which had either turned out unfit for the architect's purpose, or beyond his skill to make use of." This is so far true; but, though Ritson's curious collections might, in one sense, be a rubbish heap, they comprised many things of much value, which others were able to turn to better account than himself; and the present work, with all its faults, well deserved to be reprinted,

especially as not only the original edition of 1790, but that of 1829, is now very scarce. Mr. Hazlitt states that it has undergone such changes only as were clearly imperative "in the correction of obvious and material errors, of which the number has proved very considerable, and a few additional notes have been inserted here and there." A useful index and a new glossary have been included in the volume.

The fourth volume of the new edition of Mr. Kinglake's history of the Crimean war* treats of the period from the beginning of the operations against Sebastopol down to the cannonade in the middle of October 1854.

Dr. Blakiston has published a series of lectures on Modern Society† the main object of which, as he states, has been to show "that no lasting improvement in the state of society is likely to be effected that is not based on attention to social as well as religious duties, and that neither of them alone will succeed in imparting to it a rich and harmonious tone." This is rather a large subject, and though the writer's observations on it are sound enough, they are by no means original. The book is, in fact, a mere collection of obvious commonplaces which have long been current and accepted. It is difficult to conceive why any one should think it necessary to inform people that the state of society at any particular period must necessarily be much influenced by the prevalence of various vices, and the performance or neglect of certain duties; that the acquisition of wealth proves a blessing or a curse, a virtue or a vice, according to the circumstances under which it takes place; that there are times when charity calls for something more than the mere bestowal of money; that luxurious extravagance has its origin in self-love and self-indulgence, and engenders a worldly spirit. All this is perfectly understood by every intelligent person, though no doubt it is not always carried out in action. The greater part of Dr. Blakiston's lectures might therefore be taken as read; and when we come to his suggestions for a remedy, they are merely that sort of vague good advice which has no practical value whatever. In one case his cure for extravagant expenditure is to ask people to inquire whether the money they have at command is really their own to do as they like with, and whether every domestic and social obligation is duly provided for. Again, it is suggested that it would be a good thing if there were more sincerity in the world—for instance, in the marriage ceremony, and so on; but this is not a new idea. At the same time, though there is too much of this empty talk, there are also some just remarks on the decline of commercial honesty and the wasteful habits of various classes of the population.

It is eleven years since Mr. R. W. Binns, one of the proprietors of the Royal Porcelain Works at Worcester, and Art Director since 1852, first published his notes on the manufacture of porcelain, and in the interval, as he says, the taste for collecting this ware has become a passion as well as a fashion. The first edition of the work having been for some time exhausted, another has been called for, and the author has taken the trouble, not only to correct and revise, but to rewrite nearly the whole of it, with the addition of new materials and illustrations. Under the title of *A Century of Pottery*‡ he gives an interesting history of the Royal Porcelain Works at Worcester from 1751 to 1851, adding a short account of the Celtic, Roman, and mediæval pottery of the country. The manufacture of porcelain at Worcester is a remarkable example of an imported industry, for it could lay no claim to any one element as indigenous to the locality; and there seems to be no doubt that its establishment was due to political influences. The cloth trade of Worcester had sadly declined, and some of the citizens attributed "the cause of the decay in Worcester to the frequent and expensive opposition for the election of members of Parliament." There were contests between the Jacobite and Georgian parties—the former using any means in their power to secure an electoral triumph, while the latter were forced to bestir themselves in order to recover strength in the constituency; and the establishment of porcelain works was projected and supported in the hope that it would be one of the sources from which Worcester would recover its prosperity and distinction as a manufacturing city. Taken altogether, Mr. Binns's volume is interesting not only from an historical point of view, but as a record of the successful development of an important industry.

Mr. Stephens's lectures on Christianity and Islam§ have the merit of being tolerant and impartial in spirit, and giving a fair view of the characteristics of each form of faith. He does justice to Mahomet in opposition to the estimate which, as he says, in a past age, "condemned Mahomet as a kind of malicious fiend, and his religion as a diabolical invention"—a foolish calumny which, indeed, is apparently not obsolete at the present day. He shows that to his own people Mahomet was a great benefactor, who introduced political organization, rational faith, and, on the whole, an improved morality—a regulated polygamy, for instance, being substituted for unrestrained licentiousness, and the practice of destroying female infants effectually abolished; and that, as Islam

* *The Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley*. Edited by Harry Buxton Forman. Vol. III. Reeves & Turner.

† *The Works of Robert Burns*. Vol. I. Edinburgh: W. Paterson.

‡ *Ancient Songs and Ballads; from the Reign of King Henry the Second to the Revolution*. Collected by Joseph Ritson, and revised by W. Carew Hazlitt. Reeves & Turner.

* *The Invasion of the Crimea*. By A. W. Kinglake. Sixth Edition. Vol. IV. Blackwood & Sons.

† *Modern Society in its Religious and Social Aspects*. By Peyton Blakiston, M.A., M.D. Macmillan & Co.

‡ *A Century of Pottery in the City of Worcester*. By R. W. Binns. Second Edition. Quaritch.

§ *Christianity and Islam—the Bible and the Koran*. By the Rev. W. Stephens, Prebendary of Chichester. Bentley & Son.

gradually extended its power beyond the boundaries of Arabia, many barbarous races participated in these benefits. At the same time he points out that Christianity and Islam are radically diverse in their essential characteristics, and that the difference between them is not of degree, but of kind; and further, that Islamism has ceased to be compatible with modern civilization.

Mrs. Pfeiffer* has undoubtedly, in a certain degree, the true poetical spirit, and has shown in former works that she can write with feeling and graceful expression, in some cases rising into bolder efforts, though at the same time there are traces of loose style and want of discipline. In the present volume she has made a mistake as to the limit of her powers. In briefer and lighter pieces her work is above the ordinary standard; but she only displays her weakness in attempting a more ambitious task. It is evident that she does not possess, or at least has not yet developed, the sustained power and the ability to keep up continuous interest which are necessary in what, to borrow a French phrase, may be called a work of long breath. There are, no doubt, picturesque and beautiful passages in the poem; but the general result is disappointing, because the action flags and the pervading sentiment is monotonous. The title is *Glân-Alarch: his Silence and Song*—Glân-Alarch being the bard

who sings
Beneath the morning cloud which wraps Crag-Eyrie—

but there are certainly times when we should prefer his silence to his song, for the latter is often very wordy and tedious. Indeed he is never silent, for he is singing the chant from beginning to end. The story is laid in a remote period in Wales, at a time when there was a chronic conflict between the Saxons and the natives. There had been an attack by "the brutal Saxon" Ethelfrith on Bangor Abbey and a massacre of the monks, and an appeal is made to Eurien, the young chief of Crag-Eyrie, to lead a band against the invaders. He swears to take his vengeance when the hour is ripe; but, in the meanwhile, he thinks it prudent for the Welsh to bide their time, and not "brave the high spring tide of Saxon wrath." Mona, an Irish girl who had been in a manner adopted by the chief's mother, and was betrothed to him, seizes her harp and sings a passionate entreaty to him not to let Wales fall "like a stronghold that treason assails," but to make a bold stand at once. This is thought to be a disregard of maidenly propriety, and she is so dismayed by the manner in which it is received that she takes to flight. But now another lady, Bronwen, a widow, had set her eyes on Eurien, and thought this a good opportunity of getting rid of Mona; so she followed her to the mountain where she had been traced, and persuaded her to believe that Eurien's love was very tame and patient, telling her:—

Child, he loves you as his hound,
Stroking your head when you have served him well;
Or as his falcon that he blinds with jesses,
That perches—blindly happy—on his wrist;
So are you hood-winked; but I tell you this;
If Eurien loved you in another sort—
Loved you as man loves woman—if his eyes
Grew hungry as he gazed on you, his kisses
Clung to your lips—it would be he, not you,
Who did this yeoman's service.

She also urges that Mona is not of the nature to suit Eurien, and would only distress him by her impetuous spirit, till the poor girl, in despair, resolves to give up the chief, and plunges over the precipice on which she was standing. She was vainly sought for, and mourned as dead; and Eurien, having married Bronwen, sank into selfish ease and indifference, giving up all thought of revenge on the Saxon. He is roused from this apathy, however, by Glân-Alarch's patriotic stimulus; and when the Saxons again cross the border, they are driven back. In the course of the battle Bronwen is burned in a house fired by the enemy; and Mona, proving to be alive, suddenly reappears in order to become Eurien's guardian angel. In shorter compass this might have made an impressive poem; but unfortunately, though it has some telling parts in it, it is too much spun out.

The author of the poem of *Lochlère*† has a deep conviction of the injury which this country has sustained through the deterioration of the old language during the Norman Conquest, so that it became so corrupted and finally torpid that after the thirteenth century the people "found expression for their ideas in Greek words, and in Latin words formed on the French, or Gaulish model, rather than in words the materials of which might have been found by them in their own mother-tongue so richly." The writer wishes to revive, as far as possible, this language—the English of King Alfred's time—which he considers "more copious and richer than that spoken in Italy in the Augustan period." He acknowledges that he is ashamed to write in the degraded language of the present day, "a virtually dead form of English, debased by a living alloy of Latin, which is corrupted by French spelling and pronunciation, whilst this corruption is again corrupted by English spelling and pronunciation." He consoles himself, indeed, with the thought of "the English Bible, the Elizabethan literature, and the blessed ignorance of literature among our poorer classes"; but this barrier, he sees, is giving way, and an earnest effort must be made to strengthen it. This object, he appears to think, might be furthered by the present

work, in which his aim has been to show that "a poem of several thousand lines may, by the use of not many old words, be written in almost pure Saxon." This, however, has been a laborious and delicate task, for he has had to modernize the old English words he has made use of, and even, "in some cases, to use my privilege as a scôp or poet to coin such as were wanting." We cannot go into the subject of the poem, which is to exhibit a man's state of mind while "he is undergoing that change of heart to God which goes by the name of conversion"; but as an example of the writer's style we may give the following lines:—

Fly, scopleoð! fly then, on thought's wide wing;
Fly, scopleoð! fly to the echo's spring.

Hlist! air is hlistig, while it roars:
For yond that roar up upward soars,
Still followed by its eager hlist,
A stefen clear, although so hwist,
A stefen hwist, and yet so clear,
So hwist, so clear, so full, so near,
That louder seems it then the blast.

Mr. Allingham's new volume of *Songs, Ballads, and Stories** contains a number of pieces now first collected, and others which have been revised and re-arranged; and makes a book into which the reader will find it pleasant to dip, picking out here and there something to his taste. It may be thought, however, that the collection would have been better for compression. Mr. Allingham has evidently a facile command of rhythm and rhyme; but his fluency is apt to run away with him, and his more substantial creations are swamped by a superabundance of slight and trivial verses which in fact are little more than a flux of words. Indeed this is the prevalent fault of Mr. Allingham's style, which, though in its way pretty and graceful, is deficient in originality of idea and intellectual grasp, and produces the impression that he writes too easily to secure concentration of thought. It may be admitted, however, that there are one or two pieces in the volume of a higher grade, such as "A Dream" beginning—

I heard the dogs howl in the moonlight night,
I went to the window to see the sight;
All the dead that ever I knew
Going one by one and two by two—

the "Music Master," and "Mervanee."

Although Mr. Glanville's *Guide to South Africa*† was written previously to the announcement of the new policy in regard to that region which has just been adopted, it has a special interest at the present moment, as affording a view of the general condition of the various States and of the grounds for the step which has been taken, and which is anticipated by the writer as a future result.

A "Devonshire Justice of the Peace" has compiled a useful and convenient handy-book of the law relating to the duties of his class‡, which he modestly offers, more as a preface to such treatises as those of Oke and Stone, and other legal works, than as a substitute. It may be presumed that there are not a few justices who, at any rate on their first appointment, must be puzzled with the A B C of the law, and here is a plain, practical help for them.

It may be remembered how Coleridge, Southey, and Lovell once sat down for a bit of fun to write a play between them, with Robespierre§ for hero, and how the scheme broke down. Mr. K. H. Patterson, who is known as a successful writer in other branches of literature, has now also tried his hand at a play on this subject; but it cannot be said that he has succeeded, for his work is wanting both in poetical feeling and dramatic animation, and is, indeed, a very prosaic narrative. There is a preface, however, which is worth reading, on the new phase of the drama which has been produced by altered conditions of stage representation and altered tastes. He points out that, as scenery has become more elaborate, simplicity has become necessary in the number of scenes, there being usually but one scene to an act; and thus there has been, in a sense, a revival of the unities of time and place; but he does not think that novelty of story and dramatic surprises can be satisfactorily combined with realistic scenery. He is hopeful, however, as to the future of the poetic drama; and holds that, when the mind is excited and elevated by lofty emotions, speech rises naturally into rhythmic prose, and then into the cadences of blank verse, or into rhythm capped with rhyme. It may be doubted, however, whether rhymed verse is in general suitable for the English stage, though it is used to some extent, and very effectively, by Shakespeare. Still more doubtful is the employment of music, which he recommends, in connexion with highly poetic dialogue and rhymed verse. The difficulty of this is that theatrical elocution, which ought at least to be articulate and clearly heard, is apt to be drowned by the music in a large building.

Mr. Crump has enlarged his work on the origin and uses of banks||, and brought the information down to the latest date. He suggests that what the money market most requires at the present

* *Songs, Ballads, and Stories*. By William Allingham. Bell & Sons.

† *Glanville's Guide to South Africa*. Fourth Edition. Richards, Glenville & Co.

‡ *A Handy-Book for Justices of the Peace*. By a Devonshire Justice. Reeves & Turner.

§ *Robespierre: a Lyrical Drama*. By R. H. Patterson. Blackwood & Sons.

|| *The English Manual of Banking*. By Arthur Crump. Second Edition. Longmans & Co.

* *Glân-Alarch: his Silence and Song*. By Emily Pfeiffer. Henry S. King & Co.

† *Lochlère: a Poem*. Longmans & Co.

moment is a representative government—that is to say, that the body of capitalists should be protected against cheats and swindlers escaping the natural penalties of their conduct through the convenient avenues of the Bankruptcy Court, or that still more wide and easy opening, “liquidation by arrangement,” by “some sort of council of bankers to frustrate the designs of such underminers as Collie.”

Mr. Leone Levi's lectures to working-men in King's College, London, on *Work and Pay*, give, in the main, a dispassionate account of the relations between employers and their men, and also a good deal of interesting information as to division of labour, the use of capital in industry, the budget and savings of the working population, and similar topics.

One result of the present war will apparently be a great extension of geographical knowledge in regard to the regions affected by it. There is already quite a shower of maps, and many places never before heard of will now become familiar names, and perhaps obtain a place in history. The principal map-makers have published sheets of different kinds giving all the information required; so that there is an abundant supply. Mr. Stanford has brought out a large map on the scale of fifty English miles to one inch, containing Turkey in Europe and her tributary States, Greece, and such parts of Russia, Austria, Turkey in Asia, and Persia as are immediately connected with the settlement of the Eastern question, thus representing the whole theatre of the war. He has also issued some smaller and more handy maps—one giving the general area of the war; another, Turkey in Europe; a third, Turkey in Asia, with parts of Persia, the Caspian Sea, and the Caucasian Mountains; and a fourth, by Jankowsky, in which the physical features of the seat of war are pictorially represented. Another very instructive map by Mr. J. Arrowsmith, which is published by the same house, is that showing the acquisitions of Russia in Europe and Central Asia from the accession of Peter I. to 1876. Messrs. W. and A. K. Johnston have produced a series of excellent maps, including a war map of Turkey in Europe, with the latest divisions and railways; a political map to illustrate the Eastern question, showing the limits of all the countries bordering on Turkey, and extending from the Baltic on the North to Egypt on the South, Trieste on the West, and the Caucasus on the East; and a war map of Turkey in Asia and Transcaucasia, and the sites of recent engagements. Messrs. W. H. Smith and Sons have prepared a general map showing the entire Turko-Russian frontier in Europe and Asia with clearness and detail. Further, Messrs. Bacon and Co. offer a series of maps illustrating different aspects of the subject, such as a large-scale military map of Turkey; a map of Turkey and Greece; a large print map of the seat of war; panoramic views of the seat of war, and of the whole country from the Mediterranean to St. Petersburg; a map of Southern Russia, the Caucasus, Black Sea, Asia Minor, &c., from Servia to the Caspian Sea, and showing every fortified town; a large-scale military map of the Caucasus; and an ethnographical map of Europe in which the distribution of races is shown at a glance by coloured divisions. We have also received Handtke's general map of the Black Sea, with special plans of the Bosphorus and Dardanelles, the passes of the Balkan, harbours of Sebastopol, &c., a marvel of artistic minuteness and distinctness, and apparently the most complete map of the kind; and also his series of special maps of European Turkey, which are equally clear and good.

In the Annual Report of the Commissioners in Lunacy† for 1868, it is remarked that in the legislation on this subject, as on others in this country, defects from time to time become apparent, and there has sprung up such a series of legal provisions that the number of enactments creates great confusion, especially when the practice of referring in later statutes to earlier ones is taken into account. There can be no doubt that the whole law on this subject ought to be carefully consolidated; and as this still remains to be done, Mr. Fry has rendered a useful service in, as far as possible, putting these loose, fragmentary laws together in a connected and intelligible form.

Dr. Williams, the physician of the Brompton Consumption Hospital, in a little treatise on the influence of climate in the prevention and treatment of consumption‡, advises patients who can take a fair amount of exercise without irritation, and have a good appetite, with a diminishing cough, to remain at home; and those who have the disease in an advanced state ought also to do so, because such a change will not yield a sufficient return for the alteration of food, and habits, and the risk of the journey. In some cases a sea voyage does good, but it is a trying experiment. As a rule, dry climates are most likely to arrest the disease, a cold climate being preferable if the patient can bear it; and elevation is of great importance, mountain air being beneficial both on account of its purity and its low barometric pressure and atmospheric rarefaction. But here comes in the question of suitable accommodation. The lesson implied is that climate is only one element in the system of cure.

Mr. Webster has brought together, partly from certain French works, and partly from his own researches, a number of legends §

which are current among the Basque peasants as a contribution to the science of comparative mythology. The writer explains that he was attracted to this subject by the fact of the Basques being a very marked and isolated people, with a language which is peculiarly their own, and is still practically unwritten, and the chance which he thought he saw of discovering legends in a purer and older form than among any other European race. He has found, however, that these legends are in a very loose and confused state, as they are told by ignorant peasants who mix up old and new ideas, and vary or interlard the traditional stories with touches of their own. Thus all that can be got is modernized versions of old legends, few of which seem to be genuinely or exclusively Basque.

The value of Mr. Liszt's *Life of Chopin** as a descriptive work is greatly diminished by the strain of flighty sentimentalism in which it is written. We certainly have it explained to us that Chopin's “best works abound in combinations which form an epoch in the handling of style”; that “his creative genius, imperious, fantastic, and impulsive, was manifested fully only in entire freedom”; that it is to him we owe “the extension of chords, struck together in *arpeggio* or *en batterie*,” remarkable for their “chromatic sinuosities” and “the little groups of superadded notes falling like light drops of pearly dew upon the melodic figure.” But, after all, those who are unacquainted with the peculiarities of Chopin's music would derive only a very vague idea of it from any mere verbal description; and the account of Chopin's character and career is couched in language which, like a cloud of incense, obscures and mystifies the object of admiration. A good deal of space is given to an account of Chopin's music for the *polonaise*, a dance which is supposed to embody the traditional feelings of Poland, and seems to be in its native form very lively and picturesque. Then the writer goes off into a rhapsody about the Polish women, whose movements in this dance have, as we are told, a magic and intoxicating charm. There is also much discussion of the temperament of genius and its inherent melancholy, and we have some glimpses of the master in society. But as a biography the book lacks detail. We gather, indeed, that Chopin was born in 1810 at Zelazowa-Wola, near Warsaw; showed a strong taste for music at nine years old; received a finished education through the liberality of Prince Radziwill; and made his first appearance at Vienna and Munich in 1831, but afterwards, conscious of how much was necessary for the comprehension of his peculiar talent, he played but rarely in public, and gave no concerts except at Paris, where he spent a number of years. “A gnawing feeling of discontent,” we are told, “of which he himself scarcely comprehended the cause, secretly undermined him.” Then there is a mysterious statement that “the tempest which in one of its sudden gusts tore Chopin from his native soil, like a bird, dreamy and abstracted,” “sundered the ties of his first love, and robbed the exile of a faithful and devoted wife, as well as disinherited him of a country.” She remained devoted to him, but somehow the pair never seem to have come together again. He was also much attracted to George Sand, and used to stay with her at Nohant, till a rupture took place. Although of an affectionate nature, Chopin was passionate and eccentric in his conduct. From about 1840 his health began visibly to decline; in 1847 it was very precarious, but he lingered on till October 1849.

* *Life of Chopin*. By Franz Liszt. Translated from the French by M. Walker Cook. W. Reeves.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

MUSICAL UNION.—Tuesday, May 15.—Duverly from Paris, with Paganini and Lasserre; Quartet, Haydn; Trio, C Minor, Mendelssohn; Quartet, No. 10, E flat, and Mazurka, Op. 11, Piano and Violoncello, Rubinstein. Piano Solos various. Tickets, 7s. 6d. each, to be had of Lucas and Co. and Olivier, Bond Street, and Austin, St. James's Hall. Visitors can pay at the Regent Street entrance.

Professor ELLA, Director.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—MORNING CONCERT.—Conductor, Mr. W. G. CUSINS. Monday Afternoon, May 14, St. James's Hall, at Three o'clock. Variations on a Theme of Haydn for Orchestra (J. Brahms); Concerto for Harp and Flute (Mozart); Harp, Mr. J. Thomas; Flute, Mr. Olaf Svendsen; Symphony No. 4, B flat (Beethoven); Solo for Violin, Signor Guido Paganini; Overture, "Les of Fingal" (Mendelssohn); Vocalists, Miss Robertson and Miss Redeker. Stalls, Arco, or Balcony, 10s. 6d.; Balcony, Reserved, 7s.; Unreserved, 5s. Admission, 2s. 6d.—Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 64 New Bond Street, W. Usual Agents; Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

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ALFRED D. FRIPP, Secretary.

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SPECIAL THANKSGIVING SERVICE in WESTMINSTER ABBEY, Saturday Afternoon, June 2, 1877. Sermon by Dean STANLEY, and Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" with full Band and Chorus, under direction of Dr. F. BRIDGE. Service to commence at Three o'clock. A limited number of Seats will be reserved for Subscribers to the Caxton Celebration Fund, Tickets for which are to be had only of the Hon. Secretary, Mr. J. S. HODGSON, Gray's Inn Chambers, 29 High Holborn.

THE SUNDAY SOCIETY, to obtain the Opening of Museums, Art Galleries, Libraries, and Gardens on Sundays.

SECOND PUBLIC ANNUAL MEETING of Supporters. This Day, Saturday, May 12, 1877, Freemasons' Tavern. The Dean of WESTMINSTER will take the Chair, at Four o'clock precisely. Supporters: Professor J. Tyndall, LL.D.; Professor T. H. Huxley, LL.D.; Joseph Arch; Rev. J. Oakley, M.A.; Rev. Mark Wilks; Wadkin Williams, G.C., M.P.; Professor H. Morley; Dr. B. W. Richardson, F.R.S.; Mrs. Rose M. Crawshaw; Miss Helen Taylor; J. Heywood, F.R.S.; M.D. Conway, M.A. Tickets for Reserved Seats forwarded to Subscribers on application. No Seats reserved after Four o'clock.—MARK H. JUDGE, Hon. Sec., 19 Charing Cross, S.W. A Subscription of any amount constitutes Membership. Annual Subscribers of 41 or upwards receive the "Sunday Review" free by post. Second Annual Report, post free, 3d. "Sunday Review" for April, post free, 1s. 3d.

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The SUMMER SESSION commenced on May 1. The Clinical Practice of the Hospital comprises a service of 710 beds, inclusive of 34 beds for Convalescents at Highgate. Students can reside within the Hospital walls, subject to the College Regulations. For all particulars concerning either the Hospital or College, application may be made, personally or by letter, to the RESIDENT WARREN of the College. A Handbook will be forwarded on application.

MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE, May 1877.—THIRTEEN SCHOLARSHIPS, varying in value from £40 to £15 a year, besides a certain number of FREE ADMISSIONS, will be completed in June next. These Scholarships are open to Members of the School and others without distinction; Two will be offered for proficiency in Mathematics. Age of Candidates from Twelve to Sixteen.—Full particulars may be obtained on application to Mr. SELICK, the College, Marlborough.

CLIFTON COLLEGE.—ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS. £25 to £30 a year. Examination begins Wednesday, June 20. A Scholarship may be won by proficiency in Classics or Mathematics, or Natural Science, or French and German, with English.—Apply to HEAD-MASTER or SECRETARY, Clifton College, Bristol.

KELLY COLLEGE, TAVISTOCK.—The COLLEGE will be OPENED in September next. The Examination of first Candidates for the Foundation will be held August 7, 1877. For information and forms of application for admission, apply to the Head-Master, R. W. TAYLOR, Esq., Rugby.

THE COLLEGE SCHOOL, STRATFORD-ON-AVON. Warden.—The Rev. J. D. COLLIS, D.D. Head-Master.—E. FYNES (LINTON, M.A., with Eight other Resident Masters. 150 BOYS prepared for the Universities, Professions, Military, Naval, Indian, and Civil Service Competitions, and the Public Schools. A Scholarship to Oxford of £40 for Three years, annually in October. Terms, 60, 70, and 80 Guineas. Sons of Clergy 10 Guineas less.

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INDIA CIVIL SERVICE.—The following are SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATES (in order of merit) at the recent Open Competition for the Civil Service of India:—

*W. R. Lawrence	1,719 marks	*G. Jacob	1,561 marks
*J. O. Miller	1,716 "	*A. E. C. Stuart	1,487 "
*H. H. Priest and C. J. West	1,692 "	*A. E. C. Stuart	1,477 "
*R. E. Younghusband	1,671 "	*C. M. Mullaly	1,469 "
*D. C. Baillie	1,638 "	*J. C. Arbuthnot	1,468 "
*J. Sanders	1,629 "	*J. Andrew	1,450 "
*R. J. Badshah	1,601 "	*G. W. Shaw	1,448 "
*J. H. Anderson	1,572 "	*H. H. Woodrow	1,438 "
*J. A. Brown	1,563 "	*J. L. Jenkins	1,433 "
*J. Twigg	1,543 "	*S. W. Elderley	1,418 "
*G. A. Tweedy	1,539 "	*R. A. Lamb	1,412 "
*H. L. F. Elliot	1,523 "	*G. Armitage	1,390 "
*D. C. Johnston	1,520 "	*H. L. Eales	1,381 "
*F. H. Hammett	1,513 "	*R. R. Pope	1,367 "
*R. S. Greenhields	1,505 "		

* Pupils of Mr. WREN, 3 Powis Square, Bayswater, W., who Prepares Resident and Daily Pupils.

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YORKSHIRE COLLEGE OF SCIENCE, LEEDS.—The Board of Governors having decided upon the formation of an Arts Department, the Council are prepared to make the following appointments, viz.:

1. A PROFESSOR OF CLASSICAL LITERATURE AND HISTORY.

2. A PROFESSOR OF MODERN LITERATURE AND HISTORY.

The Stipend attached to each Chair will be £200 per annum, with two-thirds of the Class Fees. Applications to be made not later than June 9, 1877. For further particulars apply to W. F. HUSBAND, Secretary.

CHURCH of ENGLAND INCUMBENTS' SUSTENTATION

FUND.—On May 2 the Council voted five unconditional grants of £100 each, and the sum of £1,250, to meet benefactions of the value of £2,750 offered on behalf of 16 benefices. If all the benefactions are paid in, 21 benefices will be permanently augmented in 1877, making 102 since the foundation of the Fund, with a total sum of £27,660. The Council also voted grants of £20 each, for one year, to six other benefices. These votes directed the Incumbents to apply to the Council for the amount of the grants. CONTRIBUTIONS to either of the branches of the Fund (A. Permanent Endowment; B. Annual Grants) are earnestly solicited. They may be paid to the account of the Fund, with Messrs. CURTIS & Co., 50 Strand, W.C.; or to the SECRETARY, 4 Dean's Yard, Westminster, S.W.

TO the CHARITABLY DISPOSED.—A LADY plunged in

Misfortune and Anxiety, for which she is noway responsible, deeply NEEDS AID to enable her to win a Livelihood for Self and Children, which she is strenuously seeking. Case strongly recommended by Col. Drummond Hay, Sczeidien, Perth, and Rev. Dr. Hayman, St. John's College, Oxford. The latter receives contributions for her.

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JAMES H. IVORY, Secretary.

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Invested assets on December 31, 1876	£5,493,862
Income for the past year	489,970
Amount paid on death to December last	11,148,830
Aggregate Reversionary Bonuses hitherto allotted	5,523,138

The Expenses of Management (including Commission) are about 4½ per cent. on the Annual Income.

ATTENTION is especially called to the NEW RATES of PREMIUM recently adopted by the Office.

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Forms of proposal, &c., will be sent on application to the Office.

RESULT OF BONUS INVESTIGATION, DECEMBER 31, 1876.

LEGAL and GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,
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The Profit is the largest yet divided by the Society. The Bonus gives an average addition of 24 per cent. assured. The basis of valuation maintains in their utmost force the safeguards rendering the Society second to none in security to the Assured:

1. The new "Institute of Actuaries" Tables of Mortality were employed throughout. (These yield higher Reserves against Policy-liabilities than any other in recognized use.)
2. The future rate of Interest obtainable was estimated at 3 per cent. only.
3. The whole "Loading" was reserved for future Expenses and Profits (see Government Schedule).

Nine-tenths of the Profits belong to the Assured.

LEGAL and GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.—
The BONUS REPORT, fully explaining the effect of the principles adopted, and the Valuation Schedule will be forwarded.
March 1877. E. A. NEWTON, Actuary and Manager.

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